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NUMBER 10

SUMMER 93 • \$3



THE LIVING BLACK BARBIE

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WHO WILL?

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ON THE COVER: "Clutch your pearls!" It's **Jazzmun**, the living black Barbie. Photo by Hollywood Models. Styling Johanna. Digital coloring by Simone Bouyer.

THING

SHE KNOWS WHO SHE IS PUBLISHER/ART DIRECTION Robert Ford EDITORS Trent Adkins, Robert Ford CORRESPONDENTS

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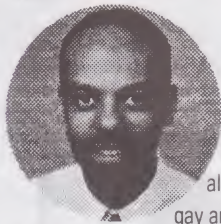
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HOMOPHILE NEWS

Famous black gay thespians Pomo Afro Homos have been denied entry into the 1993 National Black Theater festival in August. Their award-winning theater pieces *Fierce Love* and *Dark Fruit* have been performed around the world to rave reviews, but their application to participate in the largest black theater festival in the nation was greeted with silence by festival director **Larry Leon Hamlin**. "To the best of our knowledge the Festival has never presented work about the black gay experience" notes Pomo Afro Homo's **Brian Freeman**. "Does the Festival believe that gay issues are irrelevant to African Americans?" Freeman urges their homophobia be challenged through a letter writing campaign. Write: The National Black Theater Festival, 610 Coliseum Drive, Winston-Salem NC, 27106.



**Activist
Earnest Hite.**

Shouts out to **Earnest Hite** on being honored with a Stonewall award for his work in the community. The no-strings-attached award is given annually to men and women across the country devoted to gay and lesbian community work. Earnest and his partner, **Leon White**, run Image Plus, a gay youth program for African Americans. Among other things, the grant allowed Image Plus to enter the computer age, which in turn will make their outreach more effective.

Hung, literate, and cornfed **Scott O'Hara's Steam** is a slick and timely quarterly national listings and review guide for public man-to-man sex. With design know-how provided by *Diseased Pariah News'* desktop whiz **Beowulf Thorne**, it's packed with tips on where to get off around the world. Those who prefer the more public of the venues listed (tearooms, parks, and the like) might also want to pick up *The Little Black Book* from Lambda Legal Defense. Co-authored by attorney **Evan Wolfson** and former *Outweek* editor **Gabriel Rotello**, the booklet offers tips for differentiating being cruised from a set-up, and offers advice on how to deal with a sex offense arrest. Available free from Lambda Legal Defense, either by single copy or in bulk to community outreach groups. Write: Steam c/o PDA Press, Route 2, Box 1215, Cazendovia WI 53925; Lambda Legal Defense, 666 Broadway #1200, New York NY 10012.



**Keeping cops
out of your
sex life.**



**A relaxed
Holly Johnson.**

BLK's east-coast correspondent **Eric Washington** makes his *Village Voice* debut in the June 29th "Queer Issue" with a thoughtful and well-researched piece on black homophobia. The usually all-breeder *Details* gets very homo-friendly in their July 93 music issue. Frankie Goes To Hollywood's **Holly Johnson** writes about his life as an HIV+ pop star; comeback queen **Boy George** talks about being a fag in the music biz; **Flotilla DeBarge**, **Varla**, and **Joey Arias** as Justine pop up in the fashion layout with RHCP's **Anthony Kiedis**; and **Tom Jones** shows off his basket and still-humpy thighs (Ooooh, daddy!). And dig up the May 17, 1993 edition of *The New Yorker* for **Henry Louis Gates, Jr.**'s insightful and timely "Blacklash?"

The National Association of Men Of All Colors Together hosts its thirteenth annual national convention in Chicago, July 13-17, 1993. Keynote speaker is **Dr. Manning Marable**, whose topic is "Racism, Sexism, Homophobia: Obstacles to Progress." Musician/photographer **Scott Free** has put together a host of concurrent cultural events, including an art exhibition, video screening, and party at Trade and Flavor with world-class voguer **Aaron Enigma** and NYC transplant **London Broil**. For more information call (800) NA4-BWMT ext. 193.



**Christopher
Simons' "Approach
Avoidance", from the
MACT art event.**

History in the making: Poet and writer **Essex Hemphill** and writer/photographer/producer **Ron Simons** are looking for black, gay men sixty years of age and older to be interviewed for a documentary book project. "The Evidence Of Being" seeks to uncover and document a generation of black gay men. This important project will provide the world a glimpse into what it was like living doubly oppressed sixty years ago. Write: The Evidence of Being, box 48100, Washington DC 20002.



New York's Village East theater hosts the opening of Frameline distributors' feature-length program of short works by homo filmmakers. *Boys Shorts: The New Queer Cinema* includes **Marlon Riggs'** seldom-screened "Anthem," and **Michael Mayson's** "Billy Turner's Secret," which focuses on homophobia in the black and Latino hood. The program **Billy Who?** opens in New York July 21, 1993 and will travel to film venues across the country. For more info, call Frameline at (415) 703-8650.

Yes, Louie Vega in Chicago — complete with bowler hat and two crates of records. But let it be said beforehand, in spite of the recent plethora of M.A.W. dubs, that this man is the real deal: Louie came from a jazz-playing family, innovated

M.A.W. in Chicago:

freestyle, and has been steeped in club music since its earliest days. In New York, on a Wednesday night at the Sound Factory Bar, I witnessed him keep an impossibly demanding crowd of serious dancers spinning in circles on the floor (literally) until 6 am with seamless mixes of such favorites as "The Poem," "Hot Shot," and the vibes break in the middle of "Free Man." I wasn't going to miss this show for anything, even considering the Shelter crowd on a Saturday night — but then again, that's why you didn't go, isn't it?

To my surprise, however, there wasn't even much of a line at the door. The place began filling at around midnight; racially, it was in fact more diverse than any given night out at a gay bar, but you could literally count the queens on two hands here. Maurice Joshua of course was running around in his S.I.N. cap, and local talents such as Ron Trent, Mystic Bill and Lil' John Coleman all put in an appearance.

From 11:30 and on, it was the standard fare: "I Wanna Give You Devotion," "In the Mix," "Understand This Groove," "Brighter Days," "Photograph of Mary," "Sound Design," "Samba," "Nightcrawler," "I'll Be Your Friend," "Zig Zag," "Generate Power." Girlies in club outfits shaking away, white guys swaying with beer in hand: no high jinks, save a true lost child with a tropical bandanna on his head working away like a Soul Train.

People cheered when Louie came on at 1:00, but they obviously didn't seem to have any idea of who he was. It is notable that he kicked off on the original sax mix of Lil' Louis' "I Called You," and after that he played a good, continuous 45-minute set of mostly unrecognizable new records

and a few of his own commercial remixes. He even did a clever mix of the "Brighter Days" acapella over the dubs, but the furious moments were no doubt India (Louie's wife) scatting away on "Can't Get No Sleep."

In any case, Maurice presented Johnny D., also of New York, at about 1:45, and the music became much more obvious: Black Trax 3, the M.A.W. dub of Tito Puente's "Ran Kan Kan", a Nervous cut by Kenny Dope, Aly-us' "Follow Me" and "Club

What You

Probably

Didn't Miss

sound system.

Fortunately, however, Louie returned at 2:30 with some crazy beats, and then a long and rather bizarre remix of "Let No Man Put Asunder" that moved everyone onto the floor: the verses were all rearranged, the bassline would kick in now and then, and not ONCE did it ever say "it's not over between you and me"! The crowd had gotten slightly thinner, but people were really jumping now: slowly came Sinnamon's "I Need You Now" — that a capella for a full minute or so — then suddenly "uno dos tres quatro," the kick drums, and the next thing you knew it was Philly time with the full instrumental bootleg of "Love Is the Message". (Where was Aaron Enigma?) Yes, we've all heard it before, but the way he dropped it did feel like the sky coming down. Those saxes never sounded so good, but if automatic reaction to MFSB could be a measure of the real children in the house, there were none tonight. Back to the Paradise Garage: "Once in a Lifetime," "Touch and Go" (see Louie's Strictly dub of the organ), "Love Thang," the latter halves of "Running Away" and "My Love Is Free," and then — gag — Dayjee's "Plastic Dreams," laid coolly and whimsically over with the dub of "I'm Every Woman." There was not much to be heard after that except some track with a sample from "Master Blaster" and a variation on the "doo doo doo's" of "Time Warp," which was the beginning of the end of Louie's set; so when he put his last record away and "Beat That Bitch With a Bat" came on, we knew it was time to leave.

Overall rating of the evening: a curiosity to satisfy, but if you weren't there, reading this page should just about make up for this relatively minor loss.

— Daniel Wang



"Little" Louie Vega (above) and Kenny "Dope" Gonzales are the sought-after underground production/remix team Masters At Work.

tunes

RuPaul

Supermodel Of the World Tommy Boy

After years of paying dues in the netherworld, RuPaul Charles has finally arrived, smack-dab in the face of the mainstream. His debut album, "Supermodel of the World" could be a start on a voyage of longevity— he already has the gimmick, but it'll take more than that to stay on top. As a first attempt, the project is happy, optimistic and upbeat, but slightly vanilla. The music is the best thing to be noted about the album, while work in the area of vocal arrangement is needed on some tunes so that melody and music are not quite so interchangeable.

The first release, "Supermodel," is enjoying its limelight (with a techno/tribal remix that fills dancefloors), ushering in the RuPaul experi-



On the Basscut-ting Edge

When last we heard from the team of Elisa Burchette and Menrich Zwolen, known as Basscut, they'd just released their first CD *The Art Of War*. At that time, their single from the CD, "I'm Not In Love", was stormin' dancefloors nation wide but especially received a work out in east coast clubs in New York and Baltimore. Now they return with remixes of "Woman In The Shadows (The Only One)", the second single from the *Consider This* compilation. With five mixes and executive production work by Bill Coleman, we predict another dance storm by these two for this summer. It's jazzy and sophisticated and sure to get your butt movin' and your toes tappin' "Woman In The Shadows" is available on Pow Wow Records. —TA

every **THING** to **GO!**

to GO!

VIDEO STILLS BY THAIRIN



DISCO DRAG Miss RuPaul

ence. The best song though is "House of Love." Ru's vocals are put to their best use over instrumentation that shows substance. "Back to my Roots," the second single, is of a more novel flavor, but shouts out a clear tribute to the versatility of African American hair(naked or natural) as well as to the people who've found success "workin' it." Murk boy Oscar G.'s dope dub is sure to be pumpin' the wheels of steel (ooh-ooh, Tamba!)

My other favorites are "Stinky-Dinky," a seventies throw-back to the Ohio Players sound (think "Rollercoaster"), and "Everybody Dance," a cover of the popular Chic classic (not a noticeable improvement, but a good execution nonetheless). A novelty tune, "A Shade Shady" is a definite ballroom/runway must (as long as it doesn't get worn out... like "Supermodel"). "Miss Lady DJ" is pretty much a "filler," but it could grow on you. It definitely sheds light on how women continue to successfully infiltrate yet another male dominated arena: the turntables. Ironically enough, it's being touted by a drag queen.

The album has a lazy side, where it seems an onslaught of ad libs hides the lack of lyrics (like in "Free Your Mind") and vocals that seem a tad lackadaisical ("Ain't Nobody's Business"). I don't too much care for the corny law and order references on the grinder "Prisoner of Love," and "Supernatural" lacks the sensuality it strives to exude. Overall though, I'd say it's a start to success with staying power.

★★★ Aaron Enigma

D-Influence

Good 4 We EastWest

Good 4 We is the title of the new CD from D-Influence, the very funky group of young and racially mixed musicians that hail from the U.K. . And it's good for us that these people have a fabulous CD to get your blood moving on and off the dancefloor with some very slick and pared down instrumentations and fiercely soulful vocalizing.

This is p-a-r-t-a-y music for the children weaned on Hubert and Ronnie Laws, Earth Wind and Fire, Quincy Jones, Curtis Mayfield, The Crusaders, Donald Byrd and The Blackbirds, Bobby Humphrey, et. al. It's gritty R&B along the lines of the new school of Brand New Heavies, Massive Attack, De La Soul, Soul II Soul and Caron Wheeler. A very refined and meaningful use of samples and dance-jazz rhythms. Absolutely no filler.

★★★★ Trent Adkins



Caron Wheeler

Beach Of the War Goddess EMI

Background: Former Soul II Soul vocalist (handled leads on the essential singles "Keep On Movin'" and "Back To Life"). Her first solo outing was 1991's critically acclaimed *U.K. Blak*. Been keepin' us wanting more since the Jam and Lewis-penned "I Adore You" popped up on the *Mo' Money* soundtrack last year.

Beach of The War Goddess gives us what we were waiting for. Caron's looking great; svelte and assured, with the tallest dreds yet. The liner notes read like a book, and include a booklist of suggested reading (a mix of Afro-feminist, political, and wholistic health titles). And of course there is the music; striking a graceful balance between serious synth funk and the whole mess of afro-cuban rhythms out there. Highlights include "Wonder" with Soul II Soul's Jazzie B. guesting and a searing

cover of Jimi Hendrix's "Wind Cries Mary." Caron makes multi-platinum Janet look like a poseur with her rhythm nation psychobabble and Sengalese braid extensions. Ms. Wheeler's afro-centric chill-pill is the perfect funk for thinking black groovesters this summer.

★★★★ Robert Ford

The D.A.M. Project

Stop, Look & Listen/I Can't Stop Thumpin'

This second release for Emotive Records new sub-label Thumpin!, "Stop, Look, and Listen", is a fresh and fierce 121 BPM deep underground club stormer, perfect for summer programming: cool and crisp with plenty of heat to get your dancefloor pumpin', thumpin' and sweatin! Freddie Bain is gonna love this record. Go on and work it, girlfriend.

★★★★ Terry Martin

Ethyl Meatplow

Happy Days. Sweetheart Dali

L.A queer friendly goth/grunge/punk/industrial /thrash/metal trio Ethyl Meatplow's long player *Happy Days, Sweetheart* is an, er, acquired taste. Some really humorous samples and twisted juxtapositions make their pointedly difficult brand of rock and roll worth listening to. There are two first singles to serve as introduction. "Devil's Johnson" is a catchy ditty about getting strung out on crack, with a video featuring the briefest glimpses of demented blactress Vaginal Creme Davis aimed at MTV. For adults



**YES, MS. DAVIS:
Vag's Meatplow
cameo.**

for a bar full of sweaty, drunk fags and dykes: "fucking bitch whore fucking dead queenie dead"

★★★★ RF

21 and over there's "Queenie," featuring MK mixes for the house crowd. Mistress Carla's deadpan, anguished vocals sound great over the smooth and funky synth track. And the hook is the perfect trashy refrain



**FEMALE ON
THE BEACH:
Caron Wheeler**

TUNES to GO!

B.O.P

The Underground Strictly Rhythm

This shit is dope! Strictly has forged a rep as stellar as West End or Prelude for serving up serious underground grooves. *The Underground* EP should prove to be another monster hit for this prolific NYC indie. All six tracks were produced written and mixed by the team B.O.P (Shank Thompson and Paul Scott). Every song on here could easily be a single, though the club-length timings and well-engineered pressing make this workable for any jock (I bet the CD sounds even better). And these aren't just jack beats either. Most feature down and gritty male vocals, and Valerie Higginbottom tears up the lead on the corny but cute "Sneakin' Around." "Get Up Out Of Your Seat" is one of the most intelligent sample tracks around, taking key elements of Made In U.S.A.'s hard-to-find seventies classic "Melodies" ("c'mon, where's the rest of the tape?") and working them for the nineties.

★★★ RF



TURNING JAPANESE: Nokko

Nokko

I Will Catch U Epic

Deee-lite's soft spoken synth whiz, Jungle DJ Towa Towa Tei steps out on his own as a producer with this delightful new song. Lead vocalist Nokko has Japanese good looks to spare, and oddly enough sounds like forgotten

August Darnell protege Christina. Remixed by the kids at San Francisco's 3rd Floor Productions, skip the tribal acid mess and go straight to the Deep Hump mix. And watch for the Nokko album, *Call Me Nightlife*.

★★★ RF

Taylor Dayne

Can't Get Enough Of Your Love Arista

Kind of like a bargain-basement cross between Barbra Streisand and Vickie Sue Robinson, Taylor Dayne is that nice little Jewish girl with the overdeveloped lung capacity. Her latest single is a LOUDLY sung cover of Barry White's smooth seventies classic "Can't Get Enough Of Your Love." A graceless and perfunctory C&C mix almost drowns out Taylor's strident, brassy vocals. And why go and ruin such a gorgeous song? Cover versions should take the listener somewhere new and unexpected, not send them screaming into the night. From Taylor's forthcoming opus *Soul Dancing*, coming soon to a cut-out bin near you.

★ RF

every GO!

ALL THE KIDS' DISCO

Long before the term "house" became a catch phrase for all r&b underground disco, the genre of music was pretty strictly the turf of gay black men. Indie labels like Salsoul, Prelude, and West End cranked out tunes to satisfy the children at the Paradise Garage in New York, the Warehouse in Chicago, the Clubhouse in DC, and hundreds of other lesser-known clubs across the country. But while these records often boasted a decidedly gay aesthetic (fag hag big mama wailing vocals, campy tales of unrequited love and broken hearts, and fierce beats and sickening breaks), little of the music truly celebrated its sissyness. A few early exceptions include Mr. Melba Moore's early stab at gay club acceptability, "Miss Thing" (Epic, 1979). Kenton Nix's "Chillin Out" by Inez

Brooks (West End, 1981), was an almost unplayable slow bump-and-grind predecessor to "Heartbeat." Its only redeeming quality is a break where Miss Brooks "reads" the "ladies" of her audience, and goes on to talk about how her boyfriend is "working her last nerve!"

Barbara Mason's "Another Man" (West End, 1983), a follow up to her "She's Got The Papers, But I Got The Man," addresses its gay audience more directly with the funny but homophobic tale of a woman spurned for another man. She suspects that he is wearing her sexy dresses, and notices when walking with him that "he was switching more than I was." Then she catches him holding hands on Market Street. The clincher is that she sums up the experience as "such a waste." Rumor has it that there's an Andy Warhol directed video for this one.

"Jump Back" by Dhar Braxton (Sleeping Bag, 1986) boasted one of the first mixes by C&C's Robert Cliviles, and was a pretty sizeable hit. DJs in the life of course first worked the a capella, where Miss Braxton walks with tens across the board as banjie girl realness letting her messy boyfriend have it. But again it was a bearded hit, with the reading being done by a straight woman, not a queen.

Ironically, it was cultural rapist Malcolm McLaren's ill-conceived *Waltz Darling* project that gave the children their voice. The single "Deep In Vogue" (Epic, 1989) took banal lyrics about "throwing shade," samples of Willi Ninja, and the bassline from "Love Is The Message" and

made them into a irresistible lo-cal confection. From that point, a new trend was born. Spurred on by a cultural climate which is rebounding from Ronnie and Nancy's eighties into Bill and Hillary's nineties, fag boy disco has truly come out of the closet.

Witness RuPaul's crossover dream "Supermodel" (Tommy Boy, 1992), which took a drag queen's demanding cry for fierceness (WORK!) and married it to a frothy pop radio song, producing this past spring's most annoyingly hooky hit. Jack And Jill's "Work It Girlfriend" (Strictly Rhythm, 1992) is a DJ's delight; four entirely different intros, each more over the top than the last. (My favorite: "One queen asked me, 'you think you're fierce'? I said 'of course'. She said 'Miss Thing, all queens

think they're fierce'. I said 'all Queens and me!'") But the new anthem promises to be Junior (Sound Factory) Vasquez's remix of "Get Huh" by The Ride featuring Roxxy (Legal, 1993). Eight minutes



THE NEXT BIG MISS THINGS:

Jose (r) and Luis serve it.

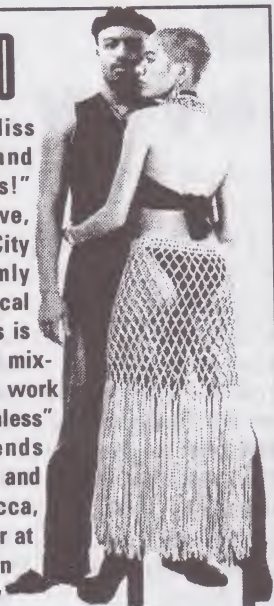
of a low house groove, with some shady, shady *shady* queen just going off. "Get huh! She's an onion-pussy bitch, I hate huh! That wig looks like a helmet. How dare she talk to me like that and she's standing by the stairs? I'll push her down backwards, I'll push her down backwards!" And in the true spirit of camp, her banter is full of pop cultural references: Bruce Lee, Ethel Merman, Deee-Lite, Don Knotts, Barbra Streisand's nose, and Mr. Snuffleupagus are among the icons that inspire thing's sickening similes. And queenspeak promises to further push into the mainstream with the upcoming Sire/Warner Brothers project from Madonna's Blond Ambition dancers Jose Gutierrez and Luis Camacho. Another Junior Vasquez production, "The Queen's English" is real as ice water and twice as cold. The hook: *Vogue Miss Thing/You're so fierce*. There's a full-length album in the works, too. Finally, queer Latino pop stars! Don't be surprised if this becomes another crossover top 40 hit. (I hope they at least get a chance to break faces on "Soul Train".)

Like a voguer's ball, the dance music underground is wickedly competitive. Undoubtedly some child will document even more of our endless snap diva language and have us gagging on the dance floor.

— Robert Ford

Dynamic Duo

We knew something was up when Miss Giggles said, "First week in town and already she's doin' an afterhours!" Musician Marcus Sherrard and his love, artist Aisha Calloway, hit the Windy City just months ago but already have firmly planted themselves in the thick of the local party and entertainment circuit. Marcus is in and out of the studio engineering and mixing new material after completing such work as "Chain Me To The Beat" and "Breathless" on the *Consider This* CD. Aisha attends classes at the School of The Art Institute and bartends at the hot Halsted dance mecca, Foxy's. She is also a fashion contributor at the new weekly *Babble*, managing an occasional party at their cute Lakeview garden flat.— TA



HOUSE THE HAIR?

As the fictitious RUtv tells in the "Back To My Roots" video, Black Hair Is. What it is exactly few could say. Versatile is one word that aptly describes its many styles and variations. It's also, for many black folks, often the object for personal self expression. Witness these logos and "hair treatments" from magazines to record sleeves. LEFT (from top) Jungle Sounds logo, Siedah Garrett's logo, Soul II Soul funkier silhouette, *Essence* magazine logo. ABOVE: Reprise/Eternal recording artists Urban Speech (I), and an unidentified graphic from a local party plugger.— TA



MEMO TO THE MUSIC INDUSTRY:

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WHITE MALL HOUSE

Do we really need club music by Debbie Gibson and Celine Dion?

SHE'S BEEN DESCRIBED AS A DIVA WITH A SOUL CHILLING VOICE...

WITH PRECEDING HITS LIKE "DON'T MAKE ME OVER" AND "WALK ON BY"...

SYBIL



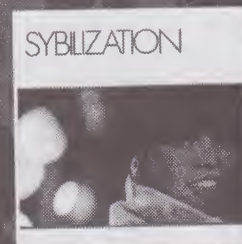
AND NOW THEY'RE SAYING SYBIL IS THE ONE TO WATCH WITH HER NEW SINGLE "YOU'RE THE LOVE OF MY LIFE"

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FEATURING THE HIT "FALLING IN LOVE"

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Chantay Savage

by **robert ford**

Was it really over a year ago that "I Gotta Hold On You" introduced house music devotees to the powerful voice of Chicago's Chantay Savage? Hers is the talent family: her father Frank taught blues great Albert King how to play the guitar, and her brother John "SavageMann" blows the sax for reggae combo Roots Rock Society. Chantay started singing in church, and she soon decided to make music her life, too. Follow-up singles from ID featuring Maurice Joshua, Steve Hurley, and Jamie Principle went on to equal dance floor success. Her current hit single, "If You Believe", in its 12" version is an extended piece of disco drama. The song starts with a reggae backbeat before soaring into a good old uptempo house stomper. "If You Believe" caught the ear of RCA records. Her debut album, *Here We Go*, is in stores now.

RF: How did you first stumble upon house music?

CS: In high school. It was the craze at the time. I had a lot of friends and we liked to go out and party. That's really what we were into. I was in a little dance troupe—some people still remember it, we were called Front Row—and we would go from party to party and dance and perform.

RF: Was that the whole high school "hotel party" circuit?

CS: Right.

RF: What DJs were spinning that circuit?

CS: Back then? Farley (Keith), Steve Hurley, Andre Hatchett. And of course Frankie (Knuckles). I hung out at the Gallery. That was one of the best parties. Too bad it didn't last too long.

RF: How did you go from there to getting involved in making music?

CS: Once I got involved with ID. That's where the music began for me. I was already familiar with house music. I

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knew what we were looking for and I knew what I would want to hear in a club.

RF: Do you encounter a lot of sexism working in a mostly male dance music industry?

CS: Actually I never really got that from ID because I went in with some smarts about how things go. They knew that I could write, they knew that I could do vocal production. When you embark on a musical project with some kind of know-how, it diminishes the sexism.

RF: It makes them deal with you as a peer.

CS: Exactly. Sometimes I will notice it when I go somewhere else. But once the work begins, the sexism ends.

RF: Has it been a big adjustment to having to do all the other stuff involved in a music career—the video shoots and photo shoots and touring and all that stuff. It must be pretty hectic.

CS: It is pretty hectic. But you choose your career. It's going the way it should go. This is the career that I chose and a part of it is the video shoots and promo work. If I didn't have it, I'd be very concerned.

RF: Where have you played? I know

you've been on the road a lot. Have you been doing mostly showcase things and industry things?

CS: Yeah. I'm just getting off of the promo tour. Gosh, it ended Saturday. I was out for a month and I did practically the entire US. A lot of it the majority I'd say like sixty percent of it was radio stations, meetings, greeting you know dinners and stuff like that. The other forty was track dates. Some were different cities, different festivals a lot of stuff was sponsored by the radio station. ("If You Believe") is doing very well outside of Chicago.

RF: Why do you think this market hasn't responded to it as well as far as the radio response?

CS: Chicago's radio? I'm pretty sure it's a political thing. It's a political thing with radio. You know, they get very nervous about new artists. Some of the radio program directors like to follow other people's lead. See how it's playing in other cities and so forth and they do... they go through those measures where as some PDs will just say hey, I like the song, I'll play it. Fortunately it has happened out where as Chicago is a little bit more conservative in choosing a song that they'll play.

RF: Right, they want to wait and see who else is playing it. Did you make a conscious decision not to do a "house" album?

CS: Yes and no. For me, I haven't really had the chance to reveal all of my musical influences to the public. All they've had a chance to hear is the house thing. Which is part of my past but by no means all that I have to offer. My roots are jazz, r&b, and blues. Which is where house music evolved from. To me, it's really a black thing. I remember early on, the vocals that you'd hear on house music would be almost like gospel vocals sung over tracks. The album gives me a chance to embark on other influences. Like "If You Believe" It's house-y, but it has a reggae influence. The song "Here we Go" has a jazz feel. Some of it has a little hip-hop overtone, and I like that, too.

RF: One of the factions within house has always seemed to be the gay house artists vs. the straight ones. Did you sense any of this at ID?

CS: Oh no. In fact, it was quite the contrary. ID always understood—and I agree—that the gay community supported house music more than any other community could. The music was so good that it drew everyone else. Anybody who had a problem admitting to that, it's really their problem. Because they still ended up dancing to the music, and you still found them in the gay clubs, whether they tried to make excuses or do whatever they felt they had to do. The bottom line was the gay community was where house music was rampant. The gay community supports house music, really supports it, in terms of buying the music and supporting the artists.



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reads

The Lizard Club **Steve Abbott**

Autonomea

160 pages \$6.00

The best thing about the late author Steve Abbott's last book *The Lizard Club* is that it uses pop iconography and homocore references to illustrate a most unusual type of alienation and otherness: that of post-modern life as a lizard. It is never entirely clear if Lizard Club members are really lizards or just think they are. They live on the fringe of society while mingling in the

sometimes boring and humdrum workaday world (the main character is a marketing researcher). But Lizard Club members eat people and this poses such a problem for the protagonist that he joins a twelve step lizard rehab program. Funnier still, is how eating people is posed as an extension of carnal lust and fucking, making the practice of devouring humans whole seem understandable, rather like being a sexual pig. (Ever have a night when you just couldn't get enough?) The humor here is dark, rooted in ancient paganism as well as the contemporary rituals and sensibilities of fag/dyke queers, and not the ordinary lesbian/gay subculture. It's a good read and should have particular appeal for lovers of the macabre and homocore trivia.

Trent Adkins

Gone Tomorrow **Gary Indiana**

Pantheon

244 pages \$21.00

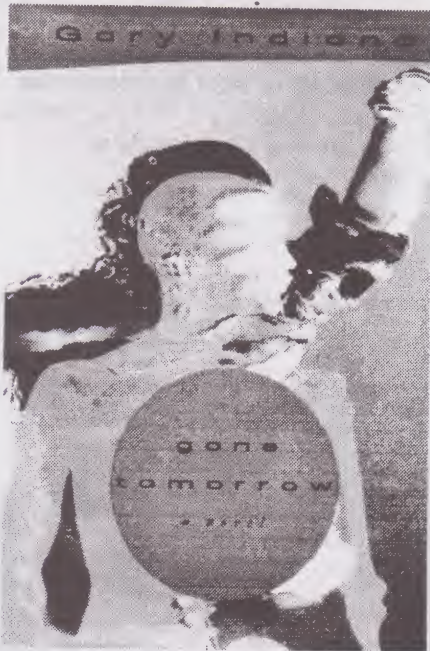
In Gary Indiana's new novel, *Gone Tomorrow*, the reader is engaged not unlike the gaper at the scene of a fatal crash: gasping in horror yet compelled to look on.

A variety of themes and issues in the story (political corruption, Fascist politics, sexual desire, torture, escapism, denial, s/m, suicide, murder, existentialism, etc.) come by way of characters whose experiences with art, fame and hedonism unfold in simple and real-life ways. Indiana wittily illustrates this story with

prose that's economical but rich in color and mood.

In 1984 a group of actors and technicians assemble in the northern seaport of Cartagena, Colombia to shoot a feature length art film. We imagine director Paul Grosvenor as we'd imagine Bob Fosse or the German filmmaker, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, or Pasolini: filmmakers whose lives and legends themselves were the stuff of Fellini movies.

The characters seem as familiar as old friends, however eccentric. Valentina Vogel is Grosvenor's longtime film editor: beautiful, brooding, protective. Irma Irma is a cross-eyed (!) bombshell South American actress/seductress. Michael Simard, (an obsession of the narrator), is the sexually ambiguous beautiful-beefcake-boy-toy. Rich, ex-Nazi Carlotta Gavro, whose villa serves as guesthouse for a portion of the cast and crew, has a funny secret, too, regarding her son Alex, a has-been actor who is now seen on the late show... portraying Nazi officers in old war movies.



Fear and lust play significantly in *Gone Tomorrow*. That several of the major players are later stricken with AIDS is but the half of it. At the airport in Bogotá, the narrator witnesses a man brutally beaten by a soldier. "It was the kind of airport where inconvenient political types and luckless bystanders were sometimes mowed down in crossfire." This sense of peril is heightened by the presence of a grisly serial killer. Dubbed the Vampire of Cartagena, he/she preys nearly exclusively on tourists and is rumored to eat part(s) of his/her victims.

This heady mix of horror and glamour evokes images of a Warhol/Morrissey junket in South America with a Dracula/Manson type thrown in for good measure. Indeed, the narra-

tor, (a smallish actor with effeminate mannerisms) sounds like an odd cross between Truman Capote and Bob Colacello. His sly observations and casual commentaries are introspective as well as being leveled at the other players. Because all of them are carrying-the-fuck-on posing, boozing, drugging, sexing and dying.

TA

Fragments That Remain **Steven Corbin**

Alyson

320 pages \$19.95

Fragments That Remain is the story of a African-American family living in modern day Harlem. Its central figure, Skylar Whyte, is a young, critically acclaimed movie actor—and is gay.

The Whytes as a family are by every definition of the word dysfunctional. The father, Howard, is from an upper-middle class New Jersey family, poor of money but wealthy in love and family values. Howard uses his marriage to dark skinned Althea partially as a means of revenge for his mother's sudden and long-standing lack of affection. The relationship sets the tone for the division that exists within the household especially after the birth of the first child, Skylar who is also dark skinned and the object of all of Althea's attention. Skylar and Althea both become the object of Howard's jealousy driven violence. The addition of Kendall, the second and light-skinned son somewhat assuages Howard as he takes a liking to the boy and is determined to make him a replica of himself, showering him with all his love and attention. Despite the lack of paternal support, Skylar grows up to be self sufficient while Kendall falls victim to the indulgent and destructive habits of his father. Years later, Skylar is forced to face and reconcile a multitude of feelings towards his family when he learns his father is dying in the hospital.



Skylar is super-sensitive to the discriminations facing the two disenfranchised minority groups of which he is a member. The overt and subtle racism he experiences in his working situation, i.e. white actors getting roles he would be perfect for, except for his skin color, as well as the violence and ignorance perpetrated on African-Americans and gays that is played out on the news eats at him like a cancer. It is a

feeling not shared by his lover of four years Evan, a white, much sought-after model turned movie star. The non-involved, nonchalant attitude towards the plight of Blacks and Gays causes Skylar to question Evan's attraction to black men and his being able to "relate" to them. The racial slurs and the word racist are thrown around like frisbees and ultimately they form the wedge that drives them apart.

Although the writing style uses flashbacks and can sometimes be distracting in its erratic movements, Corbin tells the story in a manner that engrosses the reader. The detailed character development gives the reader a strong sense of the characters' identity, and their pain. I found myself getting extremely angry with the characters for their shortcomings, then empathizing when they are forced to expose the conditions of their personality defects. The plot is full of twists and turns and sometimes the familiar street you turn down does not lead you where you expect.

Overall, I think Corbin is to be commended for his insight and the approach by which he attempts to explain some of the causes of our own fragmented relationships. I hope that this can become a book people will read to learn how to start putting the pieces back together.

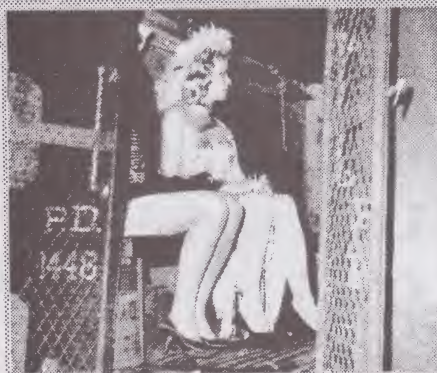
Sheldon Watson

quick reads:

WHAT'S WRONG WITH

THIS PICTURE?: The idea of playing twenty questions with some of all-male porn's better known actors isn't altogether a bad one. That such a round-up would be conducted by someone from within the male video industry seems a smart bet, too, someone who'd understand the ridiculousness of the product as well as the necessity for these videos. It's interesting to learn that black super-stud Randy Cochran's mother actually encouraged his career, that he devoutly performs the Nichiren Shoshu Buddhist chant Nam-MyoHo-Renge-Kyo before shooting scenes. Why, then, is *Sorry I Asked: Intimate Interviews with Gay Porn's Rank and File* by Dave Kinnick (Badboy) lacking? *There are no pictures!* Time and money would

have been well spent to include at least head shots (!) of these guys to accompany their interviews. As it is, we're stuck trying to guess, "So, whose ass is this?"—TA



YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, SUGAR!:

This 1962 photo of queens in the paddy wagon after a police raid on the Artists' Exotic Carnival and Ball in New York is from Martin Duberman's definitive history of the early homophile movement, *Stonewall* (Dutton). The book chronicles the lives of six men and women from before that groundbreaking gay rebellion in 1969 to the first gay rights march in 1970, and is commendable for its care to record history including women and people of color. It also provides insight into the nascent Greenwich Village queer underground, and provides some juicy gossip as well.

— Robert Ford



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H.D. Motyl's TOKEN OF LOVE

reviewed by Jamika Ajalon



FIFTY WAYS TO LEAVE YOUR LOVER:
Bob Pries (l) and Kyle Hall in "Token."

Being the Black dyke that I am, I wasn't too terribly sure I would get too terribly excited about another white gay boy movie. There is not much worse than Pillsbury-doughboy fluff-n-stuff. H. D. Motyl's film "Token of Love", however, tickled my poetic sensibilities.

This thirty-minute drama plays on the psychological games when one is breaking up with her lover, but not in the way that may be expected.

The majority of the flick is set in Will's (played by Bob Pries) bathroom. While he's in the shower, his boyfriend Benjamin, (played by Kyle Hall), enters with a cup of tea and a lot on his mind. As Will is shaving, Ben breaks the news. There is the familiar verbal combat; "....it's not you, let me explain..." ".....I don't want to know" blah/ blah/ blah /blah

This scene is played out twice more, and intermixed with nostalgia (boys in bed, playfully erotic), and visual storytelling, (Ben preparing to break the news to Will). The style in which this story is told is complex and layered, as the viewer is not exactly sure what is actually happening and what is imagined.

With each scene in the bathroom, layers of truth (or lies?) are uncovered as Ben becomes more assertive and Will becomes more vulnerable.

The characters are believable. Both actors, Pries and Hall, deliver their dialogue with a realistic edge. It was never overly dramatic, except when Will has his dream monologue. This is probably more due to the script. During this bit I was hit with so many "waves" I was almost drowning in metaphors. I made it to shore alive, however, a little more at peace with both characters.

Poetic symbolic images are not only apparent in the script but also in the camera and editing style. The story moves along lyrically with a mixture of jump cuts and flashbacks which prolong and rip apart time.

Motyl's creative storytelling skills give a bit of flavor to what could have been another bland gay boy movie. The visually stimulating cinematography and unpredictable depiction of a cliched situation make this piece a worth-while view.

WHY WE'RE WATCHING:

Frameline Distributors polled 200 lesbian and gay film and video makers, asking them to name their top ten. The resulting list of top vote-getters looks like this:

1. VERTIGO
Alfred Hitchcock, USA 1958
2. SUNSET BOULEVARD
Billy Wilder, USA 1950
3. THE TIMES OF HARVEY MILK
Robert Epstein, USA 1984
4. LA DOLCE VITA
Federico Fellini, Italy/France 1960
5. JEANNE DIELMAN
Chantal Ackerman, France 1975
6. CITIZEN KANE
Orson Wells, USA 1941
7. IMITATION OF LIFE
Douglas Sirk, USA 1959
8. THE WIZARD OF OZ
Victor Fleming, USA 1939
9. THELMA AND LOUISE
Ridley Scott, USA 1991
10. LAW OF DESIRE
Pedro Almodovar, Spain 1987

Of course, not every filmmakers' picks made the big list. John Water's included Warhol's *Chelsea Girls*, Russ Myer's *Faster Pussycat, Kill! Kill!*, and Liz Taylor's wicked performance in *Boom!* Barbara Hammer picked Maya Deren's experimental *Meshes Of The Afternoon* and Walt Disney's *Bambi*. And Gus Van Sant's cast votes for camp classic *Suddenly, Last Summer*, Fellini's *Roma*, and Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange*.

on stage:

With the recent critical and box-office successes of "Angels In America" and "Kiss Of The Spider Woman", the American theater has become an important medium of expression for gay and lesbian artists and concerns. Queer plays, performance groups and theater festivals have become increasingly popular across the country. Chicago is home to one of the more popular annual group of shows, Bailliwick's Pride Performance Series.

The current series features the Midwest premiere of "The Harvey Milk Show," a musical adaptation of the life and times of San Francisco's first openly gay city supervisor. The show portrays Milk's works of activism in the 1970's against Anita Bryant and the "moral majority," and ends his homophobia-motivated murder by fellow supervisor Dan White. With a book by Dan Pruitt and music by Patrick Hutchinson, "Harvey Milk" won rave reviews in its world premiere in Atlanta last year.

Join *Thing* magazine for a special performance of "The Harvey Milk Show" at 7:30pm on Wednesday, July 28, 1993 at the Theater Building, 1225 W. Belmont. Tickets are just \$10.50 (a \$6.50 savings over the regular price), and a portion of the proceeds benefit *Thing* magazine. And join the staff of *Thing* and the cast of "The Harvey Milk Show" for cocktails at Foxy's (Halsted & Belmont) after the show. Your ticket stub is good for free admission to Foxy's and one well drink, wine, or beer that night. Reserve tickets by calling Ray Kasper at (312) 929-8499.

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THE 10 BIGGEST QUEENS OF ALL TIME

1. Richard Simmons: Believes that you should only put things into your body that are good for you.

2. Paul Lynde: Did Poppers really kill him, or maybe his wrists flapped a little too hard.

3. Charles Nelson Reilly: He should have been in a big pink triangle instead of a Hollywood Square.

4. Dom DeLuise: That he's married with children is the only thing that differentiates him from the other people on this list.

5. Boy George: Remember when he claimed to be "bisexual"? And I'm Norman Schwartzkopf.

6. Liberace: Wait—Liberace was really gay? No! Nooooooooooooo!!!!!!

7. Jm. J. Bullock: The illegitimate spawn of Paul Lynde and Charles Nelson Reilly.

8. Franklin Pangborn: Old Hollywood's token queer, a character actor who out-flounced Ginger Rogers.

9. Elton John: His public coming out was the biggest shock since Jimmy Hoffa disappeared.

10. David Geffen: The music industry's reigning queen, his fling with Cher must have been as real as her current set of lips.



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Play for a yuppie crowd at a big club on Saturday nights
Sing blues tunes at Carnegie Hall for middle-aged white people
Conduct the band on the Tonight Show
Write a sordid bestseller about your scene but change the names
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SPIRITUAL HEALING & HIV

I have often reacted strongly to the homophobic suggestion that I chose to be homosexual. I have insisted that there was no choice involved. I have retorted that I would never choose to be gay living in a country where being Black is already a significant disadvantage, "Why would I choose to be gay?" I have thought a lot about it. Maybe I would have to be crazy, or at least compulsive, to choose a lifestyle against which the odds are so heavily stacked.

I have put it on the back burner and on the shelf. Invariably the concern returns to the forefront burner or falls at my feet from the shelf. And I must consider this dilemma again: I like a lot of people of all types. However, I am fulfilled by lesbians and gay men: socially, emotionally, spiritually, artistically, intellectually and sexually. BUT the world, in general, remains hostile to us. Why?

Lo, and behold, in the shower one morning, the answer comes into me. I suddenly know for certain why I am gay. I know for certain why I am a Black homosexual male living in the racism-denying, misogynist, homo-bating, token-seeking American culture of the late twentieth century. It is beautifully simple: God made me a Black gay man so that the universe would be a better place in which to live.

BEFORE MY ARTICLE "Spiritual Reality and HIV" was published, in fact, before I even knew that it had been accepted for publication, I showed the text to a friend of mine. He is also a Black gay man who was raised by a family not dissimilar from my own. His

comment after reading the third paragraph was, "Your father was a 'race man,' right?"

Yes, my Father was. In the days between World War I and World War II, the few Black men who were fortunate enough to get an education were reminded constantly at their Black colleges that the future of the race depended upon their achievements. Each man was asked, no, told to be a Black Hercules: strong, untiring and above reproach, so that the race might advance against all the odds. The 'race man' was a strong and intelligent Black man, of the Renaissance variety, who was inculcated with the very highest standards of leadership. Herculean Black men who would at all cost uphold the race.

Yes I am a 'race man.' And because my sexual orientation is sometimes ignored, suppressed or oppressed by Black people, myself included, I must be an 'orientation man': I am an 'orientation race man.' I work hard. I persevere. I do what I need to do in order to uphold the people of color, orientation, HIV+ race. Not a race as in ethnology but a group that many would rather not acknowledge. I make every effort to be beyond reproach so that, when things are equal, I must be accepted and listened to, in a word: respected. I insist upon respect.

I DON'T REMEMBER my Father calling me a 'race man, jr.' but I got the message and I thank my ancestors for the power. I am standing on their shoulders and asking for the esteem due each and every one of us—in the warmth of daylight—to be myself: to be Black among White gays, to be gay among Blacks. To be a Black, gay, proud HIV+ man: me. Wherever, whenever.

And with that in mind, I wrote my mother demanding that she desist in telling me "that God didn't like homosexuals"—according to the bible that was written by men—and accept my reality.

ROBERT E. PENN

AIDS DAY

Well, the letter to my Mother worked. Though I had not written it with the expectation that it would, I wrote the letter for my sanity. Change usually takes a lot of time and I was not sure that my Mother was ready. My letter was blunt solely to describe as effectively as I could the lengths to which I was prepared to go in order to achieve that respect and acceptance that any person deserves, regardless of race, religion, gender, national origin, color, sexual orientation, ability, attitude, tone of voice, and so on. I sent the letter for my sanity.

Mother surprised me with the gift of listening. She heard in the letter what I had tried to explain on the telephone several times. Why now? I don't know and I'm definitely not complaining. She surprised me with an unscheduled visit to New York. During that day, she told me she had reached P-FLAG (Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays) in her city but the only meeting was at eight in the evening clear across town. I understood the time and place to be a real obstacle for a 72 year old woman who wears thick glasses. So I got her a telephone number of someone from P-FLAG in her town with whom she could discuss things over the telephone.

About a week after her visit, Mother gave me another gift: She wrote me that she had spoken with the P-FLAG person and enjoyed the conversation.

I thank whatever God/dess, Higher Power there is.

I congratulate my Mother! It must have been very difficult for her to make that call, to listen to another point of view. At least as difficult as it was for me to take a stand. She is so brave!

I WONDER NOW if I really needed to go to such an extreme form of communication—the angry letter—to pull her toward me, to share my reality more fully with her. I will never know.

I do know, however, that I may have to be just as firm again in the future. It was only one step. Should she slide back or sink into her fears again, I must be persistent, even vigilant.

I must speak out. We in the COLORlife, must speak out, inform both adversaries and friends alike whom they are dealing with so that we are taking whole: as fully integrated individuals. We are not 'as good as.' We are.

I am proud to be an orientation race man. I support others in their efforts to be yourself. My Mother responded to my strong statements. So will others. We can all be orientation people of color because God/dess made us so that the world would be a more complete, healthy and interesting part of the universe. **THING**

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TPA 20s is a *free* peer support group sponsored by Test Positive Aware Network and designed for young adults impacted by HIV and AIDS.



Our aim is to help each other within a safe, open environment by sharing perspectives and confronting issues unique to our age group.

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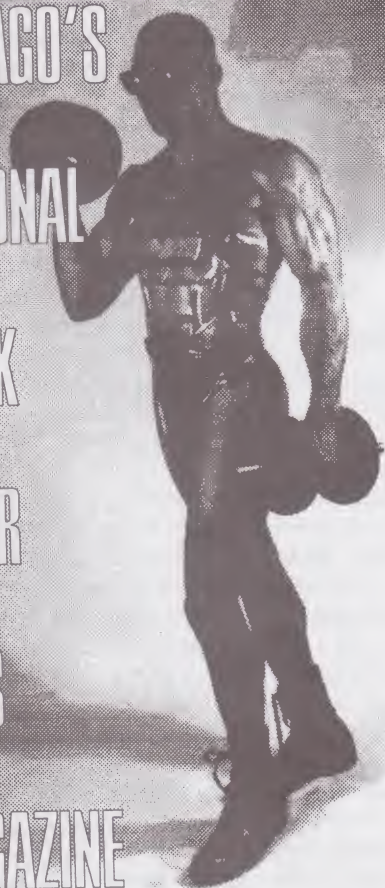
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Little Boy Art Whore

TODD ROULETTE reports from the big march in D.C.

PHOTOS RYAN DREW MELLON

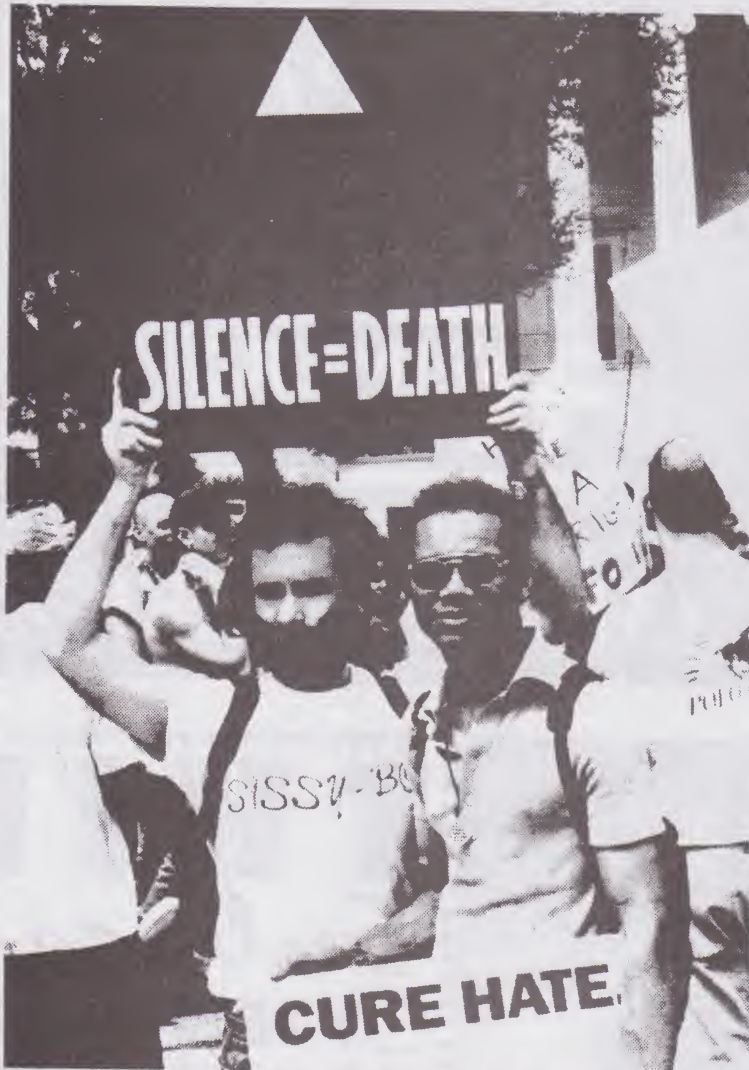
I SEEK GLAMOUR

like a moth to a flame. But I am cheap. A friend came through Thursday night arranging for me to stay with his father's cousin, **Lucia**, an older woman, and I decided to take Peter Pan bus line instead of taking the train. Although I would have given my eye-teeth to have ridden with the cosmopolitan *Out* magazine on the X-2000. I also groveled for tickets that someone said I may have been able to get for a \$1,000 benefit dinner and party. No luck. My grandmother always says do not trust anyone but Jesus. Well, one can always hope. Sharing the ride with me were boring gay men from Harvard and what I

assumed was a black lesbian. We sat in the back of the bus. Just like the original 1966 Civil Rights March. I felt like we should have bonded, but I didn't want to force Afrocentricism. Suspicious, we looked at one another then pulled out reading material. I read my new *Allure* magazine and contemplated buying one of those new without-sun self-tanners by Clarins, Elizabeth Arden and Lancome. She read a cheap mystery paperback with a badly rendered cover picture.

FRIDAY EVENING

Later in the evening I attended a \$75 benefit art opening for the Washington Project for the Arts, a non-profit art space. The group show was entitled *Beyond Loss: Art in the Age of AIDS*. I was able to get a complimentary ticket. The food was great. I walked around scouting out the crowd and noticed a number of good looking black men, well dressed and talking business it appeared. "Who are they?" I won-



Cary CandyAss Leibowitz (l) and Todd Roulette

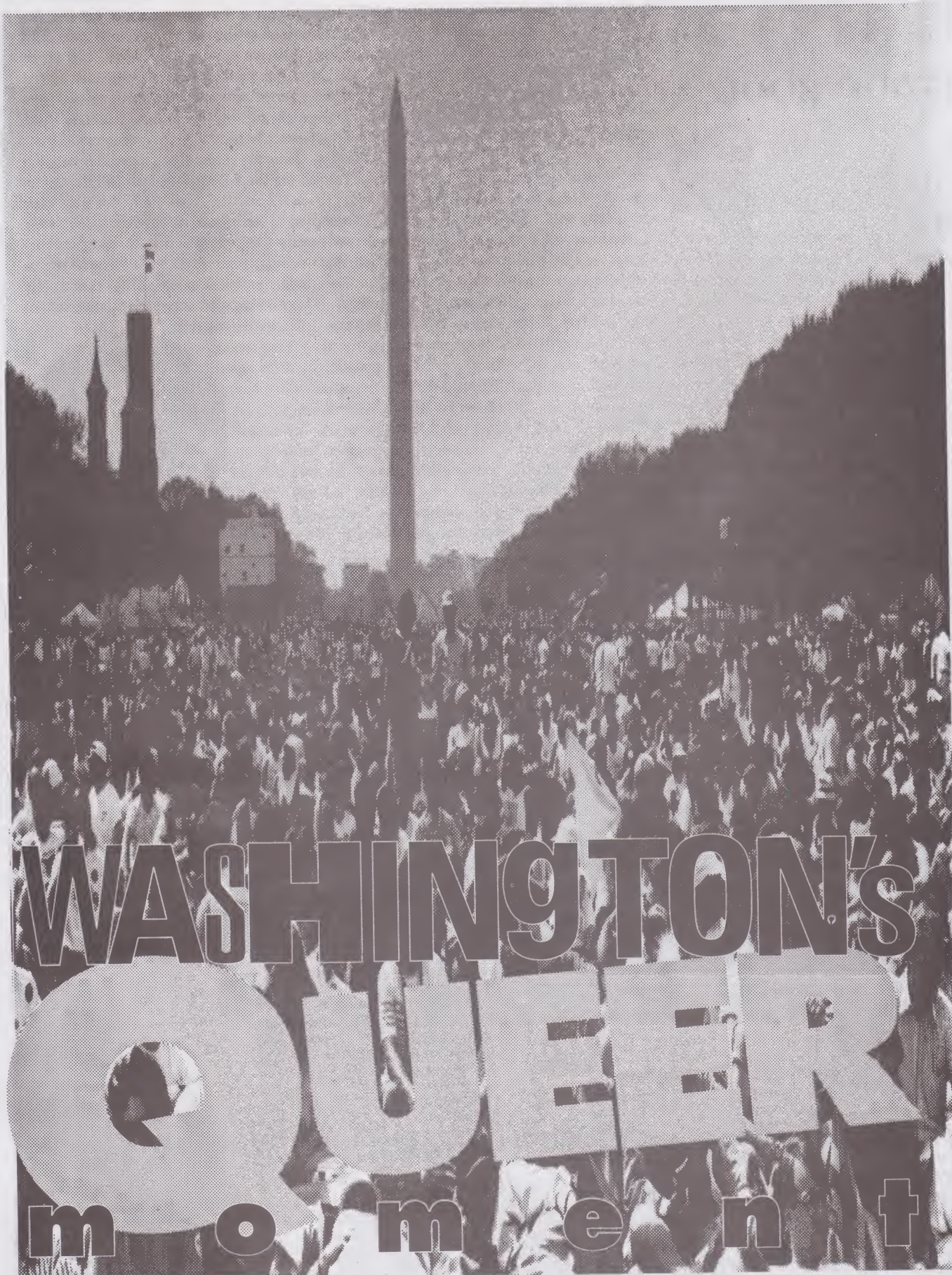
dered. City officials, non-profit arts administrators. Could they be gallery owners? I never found out and reserved my energy for flirting with the cute, more bohemian black guys there (I counted nine). My friend the artist **Cary S.**

Leibowitz/CandyAss, a quasi-international art star and I ate like pigs and watched **Degen Pener** and **Bob Morris**, both from the *New York Times* Style section, mingle. *Gay Cable News* interviewed artists **Anthony Viti** and **Oliver Herring**. Then we watched **Tim Miller**, a L.A. performance artist do his tongue-by-tongue description of two men having sex as he would perform it in the year 2000, the year he predicts the U.S. will inaugurate its first black lesbian president. I retired

before the benefit after party to Lucia's home. She was a dream and had a nice posh place to boot.

SATURDAY MORNING

Lucia made me breakfast then I was off to DuPont Circle, the official hang-out place. It's funny how you don't notice how many white people there are when you are with them, but alone I couldn't help but notice. I went to all white schools I could deal, I reasoned. I filled out Lift the Ban mail-in cards and bought pink triangle temporary tattoos, T-shirts, postcards, and a sundry of other things. Outside a corner drug store I danced with two adorable Asian go-go boys from New York (who worked as realtors). We hooted and hollered at passers by. Saw three long lost friends from college and a number of checkerboard chicks (black men who date white men) and a number of hot black men mostly in groups, but many with white friends. Black lesbians seemed to be few and far between though I noticed the older ones. The com-

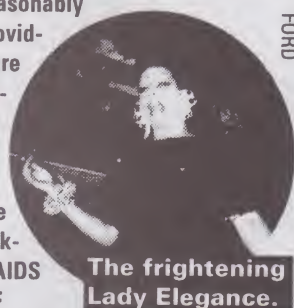




Los Angeles based **SBC's** namesake Stanley Bennett Clay (r) with **SBC DC** correspondent Mark S. Johnson.

Not as widely reported on as the April's historic march, the third annual Black Lesbian and Gay Pride day in DC was the unofficial kick-off of summer for queers of color. All of black gay DC as well as kids from across the nation packed the capitol. A weekend full of events built up to the all-day festival, held the Sunday before Memorial day at Bannaker field. Friday night was a boat party with performers including the way overdone and over the top Lady Elegance, followed by late-night comradarie at Soul Brothers Pizza restaurant. A screening on Saturday afternoon featured a well-chosen program of short films and videos by black gay and lesbian filmmakers. Saturday night saw much club-hopping between DC's leading gay bars; mega-disco Tracks, the Back Door Pub, Nob Hill (touted as America's first black gay bar), The Hung Jury, Club G&G, and the Brass Rail. Die-hard club tarts jacked until sunrise at Blagden Alley Warehouse to the sounds of Basement Boy Teddy

D and DJ Pope. Lasting into the early morning with a fierce mix of new music and classics, this party was truly reminiscent of the Warehouse, the Loft, Paradise Garage, and DC's own legendary Clubhouse. Sunday's big event at the field featured representation from a wide variety of black, lesbian, and gay groups and vendors. The crowd (estimated at over 3,000) was mostly black, but with enough Asians, Latinos, and whites to truly rate as multi-cultural. Also notable was the gender parity; lots of out and lovely women kept it from being another all-boy activity. With lots of fresh, tasty, and reasonably priced food and drink and plenty of information to peruse and merchandise to buy, the festival provided an opportunity for sun-drenched enlightenment and networking. After sundown, the clubs were hopping again, with a club crawl between Tradewinds, G&G, and the Hill competing with a special guest appearance by Chicago homegirl Xaviera "You Used To Hold Me/Gonna Get Back To You" Gold at Tracks. The weekend was a fun and unifying event, with something for almost everyone. (In fact, there were two commemorative t-shirts available; one dropping the "lesbian and gay" from the logo for brothers and sisters not quite "in the life"). Though plagued with the usual political intrigue that often accompanies a group endeavor, the volunteer staff did a remarkable job of organizing. And all net proceeds went back to the community as donations to black AIDS service providers in the DC area. For info on next year's celebration, contact (800) 497-0693. —RF



The frightening Lady Elegance.



EDUARDO APARICIO



SCOTT FREE



TERRY MARTIN

Clockwise from above: Marchers carry Eduardo Aparicio's Latino activist posters; MACT contingent; Lady Bunny's wigmaster Bobby Miller with Afro-ditee; The Lady Bunny waiting in the wings at the Drag Show On The Mall; Larry Kramer; topless dykes; the Asian/Pacific Island group; Dorothy Hajdys carrying a photograph of her late son, murdered gay sailor Allen Schindler.



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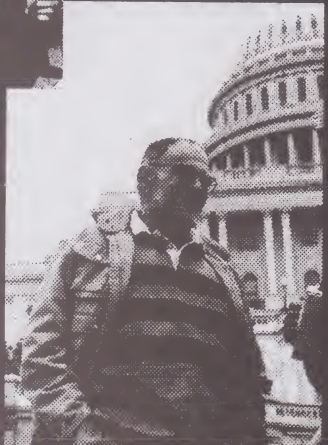
TERRY MARTIN



SCOTT FREE



TERRY MARTIN



SCOTT FREE



plicity of race, sex and socialization in this country is no joke. I'm afraid. There was a black focused conference going on Washington's predominantly black SouthWest side, but I didn't know how to get there or want to go by myself and didn't want to be politely turned down upon asking someone. I let it go.

SATURDAY EVENING

At the Blagden Art Warehouse, I wrestled in vain for a complimentary ticket of \$10 to no avail. The price was worth it, I'm happy to say. **Carmen** and **Melena**, L.A. drag queens and performance artists were the hosts for the evening.

They began the night out by telling people of color to move to the first couple rows of seats. I was already in row two. They said it was important for people of color to be visible so everyone knows you are contributing your energy and money. Melena, swathed in patriotic spangle turban and dress, gave a chilling performance of monologue and operatic attack about having once been a straight white male. as a straight white male he was proud to sing the National Anthem for everyone that was just like himself. Now sent back to live as a black, gay male he cries when he hears it and screams when he sings it. Impressive.

Brian Freeman of PoMo Afro Homos reenacted dating a black gay man in San Francisco and read a to-the-point indictment (in the form of poetry) of **Larry Kramer**, GMHC, AME, and the First Baptist through Last Baptist response to the AIDS crisis and lack of attention to the concerns of black gay men. It was a reality check I needed and a voice I had been wanting to hear. After an unsuccessful attempt to locate the Drag on the Mall which promised to be an evening of voguing and song on 15th street, I and a distant acquaintance walked around DuPont Circle.

He shocked me by disclosing his being HIV-positive and boyfriend problems. I listened sympathetically. I told him about my own living with HIV. He decided to turn in and I decided not to, there were too many boys out and it was too nice. I hopped into a corner store to get some Chocolate Chip Cookie Dough ice cream (Ben & Jerry's) and on my way out heard someone snarl, "You are just trash." Naturally I turned around. It was the ever attractive and smart **Tom Kalin**, *Swoon* filmmaker and his beau eating Famous Amos chocolate chips—small world. We watched the boys and I left them to circle the strip. At a stop light two really hip boys (Latin) in an open jeep motioned me over to them. I gave one of them a spoonful of ice cream and they asked me to get in.

Surprisingly, I said no thanks. They spun around the corner with tons-o-boys in the truck, waved and kept going. It was a gay boy's dream Daytona Beach Spring Break. Time now: 2am. I hopped in a cab.

SUNDAY MORNING

"Good Morning Sleeping Beauty" Lucia called to me. God I love this woman, I thought. I took a cab to the Corcoran Gallery to meet everyone and march with the Arts Coalition for the March on Washington. The crowd was huge, bigger than the estimated 300,000 easy. The New York art boys all showed up and a few dealers including **Bill Arning**, the director of New York's White Columns non-profit space, a doll. I was very happy. But then they were gone. CandyAss, me and friends got separated from them.

Before I knew it, a number of AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power (ACT UP) placards were being handed to me. This was not the Arts Coalition for the March on Washington (ACMOW). My spirits sank as everyone around me began to blow whistles and bang against their posters. I can't deal with this. I did my protesting in college. This is supposed to be my vacation. Reluctantly, I picked an appropriately sized and colored sign and took to the march.

There were a number of nice chants like *people of color under attack/what do we do/ACT UP, fight back*. I got it fast. Along the side was the twin art duo of **Thomas Harris** (filmmaker) and his brother, **Lyle Ashton Harris** (artist and drag personae). They waved and took my picture. Then in front of the White House people whispered "die-in, die-in." Instantly I felt transformed into one of those brave gay men on TV I would marvel at in high school. I was elated and edgy. I did not want to be arrested. Me and CandyAss laid down on the hot pavement my "Cure Hate, Stop AIDS, Homophobia Kills" sign across my chest. I stared up at the beautiful still sky with one bird swimming across it and thought last year someone I knew well was alive and now they are dead of AIDS. He was a real protester. I soaked in the sun and let go. My last die-in I was negative and this time I knew it could be my first and last March. When I saw the bible-bangers after getting up, I was ready. I held my "Cure Hate," like a shield against Goliath. Me, the former Holy Ghost choir boy turned Unitarian agnostic. We all shouted "Shame, Shame, Shame" as they quoted scriptures and held bad illustrations of Christ, hell and the Holy Bible. They needed a couple of lessons in tolerance and a good artist. I was so moved by my chance to condemn them my group walked on without me.

ON THE LAWN

Finally we all made it, somewhat intact. We swigged Evian and downed Haagen-Daaz bars and listened to Larry Kramer rant, **Cybil Shepard**, and others. But, the highlight for me was listening to the three speakers from the NAACP. My friends couldn't understand my enthusiasm as I leapt to my bare feet and yelled. I couldn't get over the NAACP's progressiveness.

HOMEWARD BOUND

Rode back to New York in a friend's Jeep Cherokee. I put the "Cure Hate" banner in the side window. The roads were full of people honking. At 9pm the off road (TacoTico) was full of fabulous queers. The locals were aghast. We stayed over outside Philadelphia in a hotel someone else paid for, thank God. Monday morning I ran in the door to show everyone my very noticeable tan—accomplished without a spray-on self-tanner—and they showed me the *New York Post*. CandyAss and me on the pavement in front of Bill and Hillary's. That "Cure Hate, Stop AIDS, Homophobia Kills" began as a bothersome accessory and ended up a proud coming of age symbol for me. The *Post* photo is simply a glamour bonus.

THING

«Si bon!»



DARRYL OLIVER

as

MAYDAY DELISH

'Bye, Miss Thing. We'll miss you!

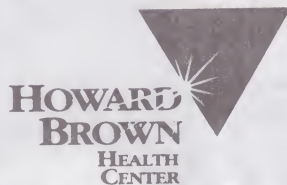
Do you know someone with AIDS who needs a hand... who needs help...



Just to hold on. At Howard Brown we can provide that help. We work one-on-one with people with AIDS to determine what services they need and how to get them. Our staff of professionals can help with everything from support groups for PWAs and significant others, to legal assistance, to emergency financial aid. All programs at

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JAZZMUN

IS IT EASY BEING THE LIVING BLACK BARBIE?

Is anything easy? I don't think so. I have to wake up every morning and look at myself in the mirror and say "Girl you're made out of plastic, realize it! You're a phony black bitch and you know it." But you know, I get over it real fast and I wash my face with the best of cleansers and put on my moisturizer, and then I put on my make-up and I start my day. I walk down the street and all the guys in the cars honk at me and all the girls' claws grow outta nowhere and they wanna be me. So you think it about it, is it easy being you? But on a serious note, it is a lot of hard work. I do a lot of exercises, a lot of physical, rugged training with big, burly men who really work me over. So to answer your question, no!

HOW DID YOUR "LIPSTIK" CLUB NIGHT COME ABOUT?

Well, it was a concept I thought of cuz as we all know it's all about me. I was jobless and soon to be homeless and my Mercedes was going to be repossessed. I thought "What am I gonna do?" I knew Scott Forbes from a while back and I went to his office. He offered me Thursday nights, and it's been nothing but sold out crowds.

DESCRIBE HOW YOU'D KILL SHANNON DOUGHERTY.

I hate every single one of those motherfuckers on 90210. Where do they get off thinkin' they're in high school at the age of 24? And Shannon Dougherty, this little white bitch thinks she can go around and throw attitude wherever she goes. Does she know who I am? Honey, she needs blonde hair in order to be throwin' more attitude than I. I remember seeing her on Arsenio and she dogged her boyfriend. But you know what? I have him, I'm fucking him as you're sitting there contemplating your next gig which you're never gonna get, your career is over. Gurl you're through. Siddown, honey!

ARE YOU REALLY A VIRGIN?

I never been touched by the right man, so I guess I'm considered a virgin. Just 'cause I had men don't mean I had men. As a matter of fact I was voted the Girl of Immaculate Conception because I'm the only girl besides Mary able to have a baby without a man actually physically inserting a cock inside of me.

IF YOU COULD BE IN ANY EPISODE OF GILLIGAN'S ISLAND, WHICH ONE WOULD IT BE AND WHO WOULD YOU PLAY?

What's Gilligan's Island? Honey, I'm black. I'm a black girl and I watch black shows. Ask me anything about Good Times or The Cosby Show and I be able to tell you. I'm a Cosby girl, honey. Definitely not Gilligan's Island. I don't understand how people can be stranded on one island for 20 years and not get off. They musta all been on crack or something.

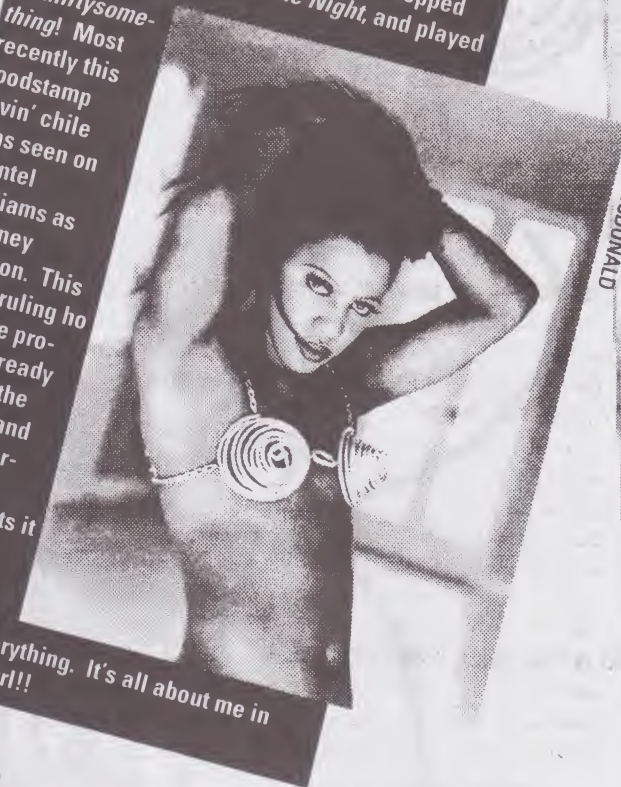
IF WE CAUGHT YOUR BLACK ASS SHOPPING WHAT WOULD BE IN YOUR CART?

First and foremost toothpaste honey, 'cause nothing beats fresh breath. Then I get some toilet paper honey 'cause a smelly ass won't do. And Baby Wipes to wipe it so it'll be baby fresh. Then you'll find mascara, lipstick, and you might even find—I hate to tell you this—an enema, you never know. A girl's gotta be ready for that special day. Hairspray for my 25 wigs, bobby pins, and much, much junk food. I'm a junk food girl.

Her titties have no nipples and her pussy spells Mattel. She's JAZZMUN, the Living Black Barbie. This priceless drag bitch diva originated from San Diego county and relocated to Hollywood after an appearance on the now-defunct Putting On The Hits in 1985. This creature soon joined the La Cage Aux Folles touring company in 1988 and toured 13 states. This black-ass goddess is hailed for her startling impersonations of Miss Ross, Whitney Houston, Grace Jones, Donna Summer, Sade, Karyn White, Mary J. Blige, Tina Turner, and Vanity. Many celebs have caught girlfriend's act, including Milton Berle, Paula Abdul, Dionne Warwick, Sally Struthers, Caesar Romero, John Stamos, and Grace Jones. Amazing Grace even gushed "Jazzmun is the best Grace ever!"

Jazzmun performed for Johnny Carson with Julian Viva (aka Viva Sex)! On the Byron Allen show Miss Jazz played Byron's date in a spoof of the Dating Game. She also bopped folks on Rick Dees' Into The Night, and played a go-go dancer on thirtysomething!

Most recently this foodstamp lovin' chile was seen on Montel Williams as Whitney Houston. This fierce ruling ho from the projects is ready to serve the children and sell the garment, or as Jazzmun puts it "I've been everywhere, know everybody, done everything. It's all about me in '93!" You go gurl!!



JACK McDONALD

IS IT EASY BEING GLAMOROUS?

Thanks for asking, Jamool! You know, people often think that glamour is a snap. But I'm here to tell you that glamour is a twenty-three hour a day job! (I do take an hour for lunch.)

HOW DID "BIG HAIR DAY" COME ABOUT?

The first annual Big Hair Day in May of 1991 came about based on an item that appeared in my Carol-Gram calendar. A make-up artist named Steve Wanzell contacted me and we whipped it into a big event that took Los Angeles and —may I be so bold as to say— the world by storm. Every news agency in L.A. covered it, and CNN Headline News ran it every half-hour the next day! Through the publicity generated, the London Observer ran my picture and a blurb about it, and through that, England's number one TV show The Word sent a crew, and we beamed the second annual Big Hair Day LIVE to England. Oh, what a trans-Atlantic time we had!

IF YOU COULD BE BLACK WHO WOULD YOU WANT TO BE AND WHY?

ARETHA FRANKLIN? PATTI LABELLE? MISS ROSS?

Ooooh! I would want to be a cross between the Queen of Soul, Miss Aretha, with hair like Miss Patti and the legs of the one and only Tina Turner. But I have to settle for just being Lutheran.

IF YOU COULD BE IN ANY EPISODE OF GILLIGAN'S ISLAND, WHICH ONE WOULD IT BE AND WHO WOULD YOU PLAY?

Well, I'd be Ginger Grant, which you might think of as not a stretch, but Ginger and Mary Ann could really do just about anything with coconuts! Besides, Ginger had better hair and I love the gold beaded gown she took on the "three hour tour." A true gal never travels without her beaded gown.

DO YOU DRINK COKE OR PEPSI?

If you must know, I drink Tab.

IF WE CAUGHT YOU OUT SHOPPING WHAT WOULD BE IN YOUR CART?

Several packs of Brown Sugar and Cinnamon Frosted Pop Tarts, a pound of Challenge butter, and a gallon of whole milk.

IF RUPAUL ASKED YOU TO HAVE LUNCH AT MCDONALDS, WHAT WOULD YOU WEAR AND WHAT WOULD YOU ORDER?

RuPaul is sooooo glamorous there would be serious glamour rays going on and we might injure the other diners. The possibilities are mind boggling! But if we ate at McD's I'd probably have the salad, dressing on the side, and an iced tea... NOT! We probably wouldn't even get a chance to eat those greasy McChicken thing sandwiches with our large fries and (so-called) milk shakes that we ordered because we'd be girlfriend gabbing about much more important glamour issues like Aqua Net vs. White Rain, the best sized teasing comb for the most lift-and-separate, and oh so very much more! Oh, and I'd wear a simple day frock.

WHAT IS YOUR DREAM COME TRUE?

Eeeeeew! This is a toughie! I have so many dreams! I'd love to have a TV show, I'd love to find "Mr. Right." I'd love everyone in the world to operate from the same rules of etiquette, because if we did we could all live in harmony and life would be one big progressive cocktail party! Ah, a girl can dream, can't she?

She's big, she's blonde, she's beautiful. She's THE LOVELY CAROL, and the Lovely Carol is "Caroliscious!" When this gal isn't busy performing and hosting parties and functions for fags you can find her hidden away in her little bungalow tucked under the "H" of the Hollywood sign where she spends her days eating Pop Tarts and playing with her toy poodles Fifi and Flipper. She's launched her own line of beauty products, "Carol's Lovely Bubbles", "Carol's Edible Cosmetics", and "Constantly Carol Cologne". Appearances on Entertainment Tonight, MTV, E!, and Growing Pains have helped her star take off, but it was her role as a brain-eating zombie in *Return Of the Living Dead* that is most memorable. Carol was named "L.A.'s Best Diva" in *L.A. Weekly's* "Best of L.A. Issue." Carol is always willing to lend a hand to a good cause, like the Dance for Life AIDS benefit at Studio One which she kicked off. Fashion, big hair, and parties; is she a real woman or a fag trapped in a woman's body? You decide!

CINDY KACHMAN AGARO

THE LOVELY CAROL

ERIN KRYSTLE

IS IT EASY BEING GLAMOROUS?

No, it isn't. There is a lot of preparation involved in styling each look, from choice of outfit, accessories, hairstyle, appropriate and complimentary make-up, which all depends on the time of day, destination, and the occasion, whether it's for lunch, dinner, a movie, theater, clubbing, or performing. My main objective is to wear something very fashionable, that will bop with style. If everything is laid out and organized, I can get ready in 30-45 minutes; if I'm bopping an extravagant hairdo (I especially like updos), add another 15-30 minutes.

HOW DID "HUMAN SEXUALITY" COME ABOUT?

I have two separate careers as an entertainer. My female persona of Erin and my male persona of Eriq. People always tease me about how they never can expect to see me any certain way. Sometimes I'm female and other times I'm male. So I thought it would be interesting to sing a song that was sexually ambiguous and incorporated both Erin and Eriq's personalities, to make people think about the fine line between masculinity and femininity, and the presence of both gender traits in every one of us. When I perform "Human Sexuality" people will question whether I'm a woman or a man. I choose to express both of these traits in varying degrees and combinations of extremes and subtleties.

WHAT'S YOUR FAVE EPISODE OF GILLIGAN'S ISLAND?

When Mary Ann isn't Mary Ann anymore because she's Ginger, and Ginger isn't Ginger anymore because she's Mary Ann. It showed me that if someone like Mary Ann, who is considered to be a "Plain Jane" tomboy kinda girl, could transform into a glamorous woman with just make-up, a gorgeous gown, and a well-coiffed updo, so could I.

DO YOU DRINK COKE OR PEPSI?

I normally drink water, but I will drink Coke before Pepsi because it's the real thing, just like me and all my transgender sisters and brothers around the world.

IF WE CAUGHT YOU OUT SHOPPING WHAT WOULD BE IN YOUR CART?

Low-fat milk, whole-wheat bread with unbleached enriched flour or baguette de campagne, smoked gouda cheese, pate, carrots, romaine or green leaf, blue cheese, honey dijon or caesar's dressing, fruit juice, red wine, coffee beans, chicken, turkey, tuna fish, Haagen-Dazs coffee ice cream bars with chocolate toffee crunch coating, and a jumbo jar of "hot" Pace picante from the city of my birth, San Antonio, where folks know what a picante should taste like. And tortilla chips.

IF RUPAUL ASKED YOU TO HAVE LUNCH AT MCDONALDS, WHAT WOULD YOU WEAR AND WHAT WOULD YOU ORDER?

I'd wear a simple red, nautical drop waist dress by Laura Ashley with layers of white cotton petticoats edged with eyelet, accessorized with pearl earrings, pearl necklace, white flats, and a simple white purse. Natural minimalistic makeup would be necessary, with softly curled bangs and high ponytail with a big white bow; and of course I'd eat fish...the fish sandwich that is.

ERIN KRYSTLE was born deep in the heart of Texas. This talented chick began singing in gospel choirs and moved on to dancing in a go-go cage on Austin's legendary Sixth street. This petite powerhouse has appeared in films such as Candyman, and has an extensive resume of commercials, videos, theater, and print work. Erin stands out as a true original because she is one of the few performers who is as comfortable out of drag as she is in it. Miss Thang is shoppin' and boppin' her demo tape around, so look for her on MTV and BET soon after you read this.



JEFF LINDSTROM

Keehnen's corner

by owen keehnen

by the CIA, studio insurance investigator, a hit man, The Kennedys or any of a string of jealous of sorry lovers. Early in the morning of August 5, 1963, Marilyn Monroe

A Clint Confession

Well, since by his own admission he's now fashionable, who am I to resist...

As a teen I went to see movies all the time and quite often I went to the Times Theater in Rockford. I remember going to see 'The Eyes Of Laura Mars' and during the coming attractions I went down some winding stairs to the Men's Lounge and in the middle stall, the center of three there was something...It wasn't a glory hole, a huge penis etching, tearoom times, dried semen, or anything like that. But, scrawled on the back of the stall door in block letters was "Clint Eastwood will turn your dick Every Which Way But Loose." It was a clever tie-in for the previous Times feature and sort of a hot thought too. I'd seen the movie, which sucked and also spawned a sequel, a couple imitations, and the yahoo series 'BJ and the Bear.' However, Clint the man was definite fantasy material and had fine nasty potential. I remember him wearing a tight white t-shirt in his fight sequences.

I closed my eyes and imagined double Oscar winner Clint Eastwood turning my dick every which way but loose. He was wearing a five-day beard and his 'High Plains Drifter' poncho. He was jacking me off perfectly. He was playing misty for me. Clint was making my day.

Just about the time he took off his wide-brimmed hat so he could bend forward and do the unforgiven, I was hit by a pleasure/fantasy spasm. I kicked the back of the stall door with magnum force, startling the guy with one thigh propped upon the middle sink, stroking his basket, and watching me through the gap beside the stall door. Our eyes connected and in my mind I heard a bar of the theme from "The Good, The Bad, and the Ugly." I unlocked the door and opened it a crack. He stepped inside and unzipped his fly. We started at each other and each other's cocks as we jacked off into the toilet.

I kept thinking about that matinee through the Oscars this year.

"It was no suicide, no sir. I'll tell you that, and it wasn't accidental either. It was murder. The truth will shock and amaze you and ultimately make you nod in agreement. Marilyn wasn't killed

was the victim of the dark demonic powers of Jayne Mansfield.

On that night, the night Marilyn died, I had just finished having sex with Jayne

Mansfield. I drifted off to sleep and awoke a few hours later, still somewhat groggy and still a little intoxicated. I'm not even sure if this was real or not. It might all be a dream or a hallucination, but I don't think so. Anyway, when I awoke I saw Jayne Mansfield slitting the throat of a chicken with a sacrificial knife right there in her pink heart-shaped bed. She dripped the chicken blood onto her mammoth breasts and rolled one clockwise and the other counterclockwise, around and around. It was dizzying. Then she smacked them together three times

When I asked her what she was doing she laughed maniacally and her eyes rolled back until only the whites were showing. She said she possessed the power of Pazouzou, said something in fluent French, then uttered something in a strange tongue I'd never heard before. A thunderbolt cracked outside the window of the Pink Palace. Previously unobtrusive marble statues below in the garden appeared in the flashes like phantoms.

Suddenly, Jayne leapt up upon her knees on the bed and began bouncing, her pink polka-dot bow was askew, and her breasts were flying in all directions, and she was screaming "Marilyn!"

When she finally collapsed upon the bed I looked at her not-sucked-in-now belly and saw the mark of an upside

SIDNEY TELLS THE REAL STORY BEHIND THE DEATH OF MARILYN

down crucifix pressed out upon her skin. Jayne's chalky strawlike hair lay loose upon the pink satin pillow, it splayed upward as though in her unconscious state she were descending into the very pit of hell itself. She was Satan's starlet. I hadn't the courage to come forward with the truth until now...and I'm very excited about the book."

at the movies

FASHION

Initiative

SEE

PHOTO/CONCEPT/CONSTRUCTION Scott Free
DESIGNS Calvin Klein, Marithé & François Girbaud
MODELS Matthew (Klein) Derek (Girbaud)



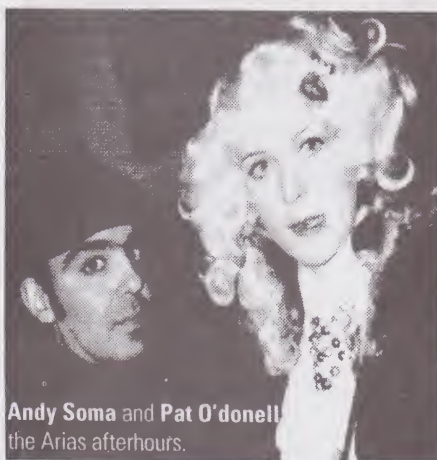
through

THE

Edited by
T. Adkins.



Thing afterhours: A rare late night out for Hair by Hare co-hort, Mademoiselle **Linda** aka **Diabla**.



Andy Soma and **Pat O'donnell** the Arias afterhours.



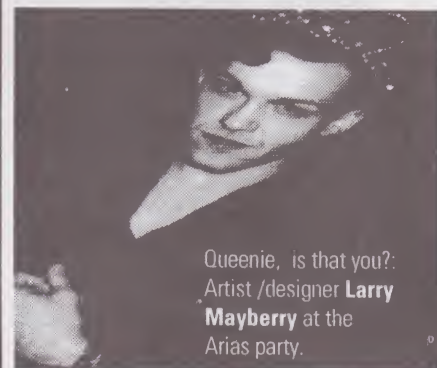
RuPaul Charles School of Smiley Face, Class of 93: **Dave J** at the Joey Arias party.



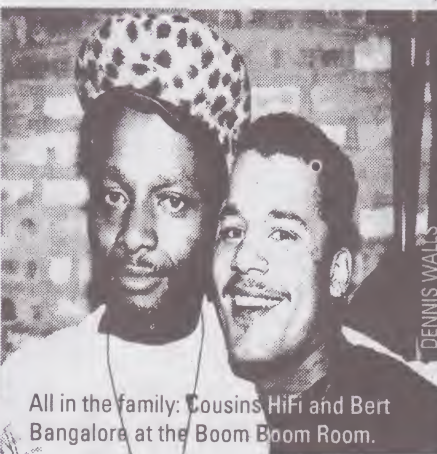
Legends are we: **Hector Xtravaganza** and **Dorian Corey** in the dressing room at Sally's, NYC.



Producers **Steve "Silk" Hurley** and **André Halmon** at the Dome Room.



Queenie, is that you?: Artist/designer **Larry Mayberry** at the Arias party.



All in the family: Cousins **HiFi** and **Bert Bangalore** at the Boom Boom Room.



Singer **Candy J** and friend in the sound booth at Hothouse for the Spring Thing benefit party.



Following his channeling of Billie Holiday at Shelter's Paramount Room, New York City performer/singer/writer **Joey Arias** was guest of honor at an afterhours at the *Thing* offices. For us, it was immediately following the Spring Thing Hothouse bash with Candy J. "Thanks!"



"Fon-fon-fon": **Tom Hemingway** and **Latrushka** at Seance.



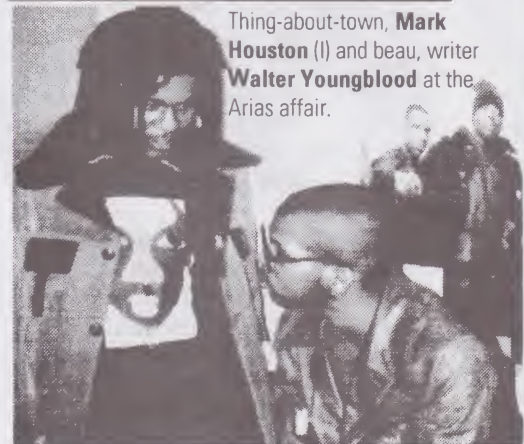
DJ, writer, and U of C grad student **Dan Wang** (l) with Urban Paradise's **Michael Thompson** at the Arias afterhours.



Connie V and **Georgie Porgie** at the Hitmakers party.



Nightly Oozing: **Babble** photographer **Thairin** (l) and **Babble** columnist **Roderick Conrad** at RSG for Seance

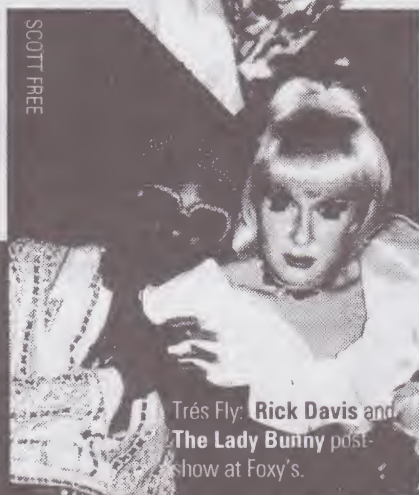


Thing-about-town, **Mark Houston** (l) and beau, writer **Walter Youngblood** at the Arias affair.

Gerald Paoli

Joey Arias

SCOTT FREE



Trés Fly: **Rick Davis** and **The Lady Bunny** post-show at Foxy's.

SCOTT FREE



Cyber Broil, "Well done" **Michael Hyacinth** performing as **London Broil** at Seance. Photo Scott Free.



Girl with a bag: **Jon Volkening** and **Joan Jett Blakk** at Randolph Street Gallery for Seance, part of RSG's annual In Through The Out Door queer art and performance series.



Arias afterhours...

Malone

Gabriele



Reagan

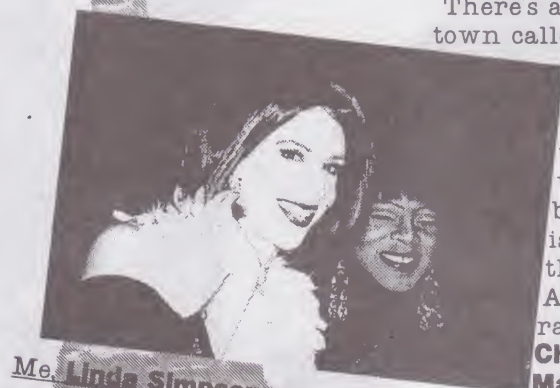
Stan



Jamie Principle, **Chantay Savage** and **John "Savage Mann"** at the Hitmakers party, Dome Room.

ROBERT FORD

LIES



Me, **Linda Simpson** with performer **Clare Scandell**.



John Epperson (**Lypsinka!**) with gossip columnist **Liz Smith**.

Linda Simpson's
Big Apple dish

There's a new magazine in town called U and that rhymes with Interview. **Andy Warhol's Interview** that is, circa 1979, which U has brazenly copied. U is so derivative they've even hired Andy's photographer pal, **Christopher Makos**. Can

Bob Collacello be far behind? U's publisher/editor who goes simply by **Michael** is a former fashion photographer and he must have some bucks, 'cause they're publishing weekly, featuring Q&A cover stories with **Dianne Brill**, **Nick Scotti**, etc. U is too unoriginal to ever be considered fresh, but its bizarre obsession with applying a Studio 54-era sensibility to the 90's is fascinating. I wonder what **Blanca** thinks...?

Another magazine, Homo Xtra, has become phenomenally successful as a guide to New York's complicated, ever-changing gay nightlife scene. The freebie weekly is bankrolled by mega-clubowner **Peter Gatien** (The Limelight, USA, The Palladium, The Tunnel Disco) and has given it's chubby, shrewd editor **Marc Berkley** enormous clout to promote his own club nights (at Peter Gatien's clubs) which uniformly feature generic gym-body gogo dancers, backrooms and scantily clad muscleheads on the invites. Marc throws a

drag queen on stage now and then, but his agenda isn't about promoting creativity or nurturing talent. It's about packing the joint with mainstream homos, and Marc is laughing all the way to the bank. Homo Xtra has set the pace for NY's night scene and its iron grip has been chilling.



Speaking of drag queens (weren't we?), **RuPaul's** incredible jump from Avenue A to MTV has been intensely scrutinized by her downtown "sisters."

Lypsinka, who used to be America's best known drag queen, professed (in U magazine!) her happiness at Ru's success, but suggested that

RuPaul at the Pyramid, presuperstardom.

RuPaul would make a better talk show host than a singer. Meow! And that from someone who only lipsyncs! The **Lady Bunny** and **Lahome Van Zandt** used to be thisclose to Ru, but had a falling out and no longer speak to RuPaul, let alone congratulate her. As for Ru's other close friends... Well, I can't think of any, but Ru has always been a solo act-friendly and chatty, yet introspective and distant. Actually, success seems to have made her more at ease, although I know she's hungry for even greater heights. Listen, Ru and I are Scorpio queens, both born on November 17th, and my insights have astrological merit.

Ru is just one of a gaggle of black drag artistes hot on the scene right now. There's **Donna Giles** who recently wowed 'em on **Montel Williams** with her incredible singing voice, and her **Joan Rivers**

& New York garbage!

impersonation. **Afro-ditee**, who like me is originally from Minnesota, is the new Miss Boy Bar, which is very prestigious...I guess. Afro-ditee is very now, very hip, and in her \$600 **Vivienne Westwood** platform shoes does a fierce **Sistah Souljah**. **Princess Diandra** and I recently appeared on "The **Jane Pratt Show**" (topic: drag), and Diandra upstaged us all by changing wigs during commercials. Diandra is always jetting off to Japan and Europe to perform her heavy-on-the-



Downtown diva
Mona Foot

Girlina, Ebony Jet, Mona Foot, etc., etc. Everywhere you look there's some Nubian crossdresser, many of them experts in the kooky disco trend, "runway", which involves gliding across the dance floor like it's a high-fashion catwalk and you're Naomi Campbell but thirty times more flamboyant. It's a gas to watch and very gay.

One place they won't be doing runway or any type of dancing is

"Poop", the Friday club night at The Supper Club. Immediately after being profiled in Vanity Fair it closed.

Diana Ross cabaret act, and she's the mother of the House of Ecstasy, whatever that means...

Then there's **Desire, Baby Ru, Lola,**



Tabboo! (l) & Bunny at Poop.

"I love it, it's hot and then it's gone!" shrieked ex-hostess The Lady Bunny. Poop was wildly uneven, but one night was a blast when **Cher** showed up with **Thierry Mugler**, his hunky date, and of all people, **Codie Ravioli**, a pre-op transsexual manager from The **Patricia Field** Boutique.

That's the great part about New York, you never know what type of crazy characters you're going to come in contact with. Like my Egyptian taxi driver the other night, **Ahmed**, who picked me up after my television show taping. Six-foot and muscular, Ahmed gave me a ride I'll never forget...

But I don't want this column to give the impression that life in New York is just about sex, drags and disco music. I dutifully voted in the school board elections (right wing fanatics were trying to take it over), drove down to DC for the Gay & Lesbian March, and I co-hosted New York's Gay Pride Rally. New York may be progressive, but many of its inhabitants are ignorant and homophobic, and the struggle to live a gay lifestyle in peace and harmony ain't always easy. Being glamorous is fabulous darling, so is gay liberation. Combining the two is truly divine, be it in New York, Chicago or Timbuktu. Take care. Love, Linda.



Gogo dancer
Desire kisses an admirer.



Heavyweight **Flotilla DeBarge** (r) with **Catherine Harkness**.



Princess Diandra as a pregnant **Whitney Houston** in the green room at "The **Jane Pratt Show**."

Linda Simpson is a drag queen club hostess, magazine publisher (MY COMRADE), and television personality ("Party Talk" on Manhattan Cable). "I may not be as well known as other local media hogs er. stars like Lady Bunny, Lypsinka and RuPaul, but the hip set knows me, and The New York Times called me a kind of mother superior of the downtown drag set. How's them credentials?"

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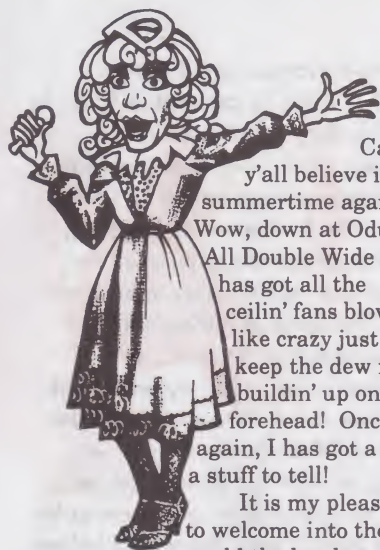
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DeAUNDRA'S DIXIE DIARY

BY DEAUNDRA PEEK

Can y'all believe it's summertime again? Wow, down at Odum's All Double Wide I has got all the ceilin' fans blowin' like crazy just to keep the dew from buildin' up on my forehead! Once again, I has got a ton a stuff to tell!

It is my pleasure to welcome into the world the lovely puppies that my producer **Mr. Richardson's** doggie **Miss Tina** done had recently! Little **Sashay** and **Shanté** are just about the cutest puppy supermodelettes y'all has ever done seen. Y'all should see it when they come a runnin' for the vienner tray!

Seems like comic books is the thing these days, for example they's **Mark Ewert's** book *Ruh Roh* outta Los Angeles that features a mess a folks from all over the place, an' y'all, some a them drawin's in there is made for adults only...Look for it at some a what they call progressive booksellers. An' here in Atlanta, our very own **Clayboye** has done it again with his *Gladys' Alien Abduction*, about how some aliens done wignapped superstylist **Gladys Kravitz** lookin' for some glamour or they was gonna destroy all the popcorn on the earth! Gladys gives them plain little things some fierce workin' an' they end up gloriously gorgeous!

Speakin' a that, them 800 East artist has been at it again too! For three weeks in May, I done helped them out with their "Cartoon Show" in the Cartoon Cabaret where I was the pilot, takin' the audience on some kinda Magical Tornado Trailer Twistin' Twirlin' Tour, complete with acts like **Jackson, Miss Saasha, DisFuncsha, La Banana, Miss Shanti** (as a Smurf, can y'all believe that?), an' **Steve Flavet** from the famous band LMNOP doin' his own poetry!

I hope y'all is sittin' down for this one—that show "48 Hours" on CBS done called the other day wantin' us to send a mess a stuff to them so's they might show it! Last month, they exposed Atlanta's **Christian Borden** at that Club USA in New York City when a bunch a people went there for the Style Summit! Keep y'all's eyes peeled!

A course, I can't tell y'all nothin'

about **RuPaul** that y'all don't already know on account a cause he has done gone an got so famous, but what I will tell y'all is that my very own authorized video version a "Supermodel" is makin' the rounds! Mr. Richardson done told me that President **Monica Lynch**, a Tommy Boy Records, has done seen it, an' he says everybody thinks it's so good it's gonna win a mess a Oscars! I know y'all has got RuPaul's album "Supermodel of the World" stuck in the stereo permanent like I do!

Get a load a this y'all, chantoise **Joey Arias** has done gone to Vienner, Austria (viennner sausage capitol a the world!) to be head model at **Thierry Mugler's** hi-style fashion show there! Joey's leadin' off tons a other models includin' bigger than life **Jeff Stryker** an' superstar **Brooke Shields**! Also in Vienner, Sweet-as-a-rock-candy **Barbara Spitz** is doin' the "Sound Of Music" there with a knock 'em dead show! Y'all know that Miss Barbara is one a them 2000 people done slept with Miss **Angie Bowie** (don't ask me about

it "The Feelgood Event of the Century" on account a that's what it was! Y'all guess what, I done ran into none other than my sweet friend **Joan Jett Blakk** at the Washington Monument Drag Showcase! I had fun at the DC Arts Center bein' in a performance with part a the Atlanta Lesbian & Gay Arts Festival folks. Dr **Shirlene Holmes** play "A Lady And A Woman" done wore my hands out clappin'! My very special "Hey Darlin'" to the Funky Dread Sweetie Pie who said he reads this here column! All I can say is, I gave you my button, now write in darlin'!

And a course I was at Atlanta's Gay Pride celebration this year! Entertainment chairperson **Chris Hatcher** had me emceein' some parts a the fun! Chicago socialites **Steve Lafreniere, Jon Volkening**, an' **Gerald Paoli** done made a pilgrimage down here to celebrate with us! I love them boys.

ACT UP Atlanta's second annual WIGWOOD Festival Fundraiser was a blast! Spectacles was made by **Miss Shocka-Laka-Luv, Trina Saxxon, Barble-Q, Mona Love, Col. Lonnie Fain, Betty Jack DeVine, Theodopolis, Onassis**, an' a mess a celebrities! I had a fit over the Wig Auction, where they done sold off one a RuPaul's tressettes! Special thanks to **Lady Bunny** for the inspiration, an' in lovin' memory a all them people who done passed on from AIDS.

Team Odum's Update: The Summer Community Room Competition left Team Del Vista Ray Mar out in the heat y'all, on account a cause they lost out in the Jello Siftin' Trials. I a course cheered when Duffy Odum won, as usual, but his stomach-ache later wasn't no fun.



OUR GANG: (L to r) Candy Suntop, Duffy Odum, Dick Richards, Bud Bebo Lowry, me, and Betty Jack Devine. Photo by Mr. Chuck Morgan.

anythin' else they did...), as reported in Miss Angie's book *Backstage Passes*, which comes out in paperback in the fall!

I know y'all saw that story on them **Fabulous Pop Tarts** in the last issue a *Thing*, an' since then they has come out with the remixes a the TV show them "Voyeurvision" on a 12"! **Jimmy Harry, DJ Keokl, an' Bill Coleman** done 'em, an' they are slammin' everybody at Odum's All Double Wide Mobile Homes Court all over the place! They's 'sposed to be showin' some clips from the TV show in that new **Sharon Stone** movie *Sliver*.

Just about everybody done gone to the March On Washington, an' I'm callin'

Summer Savory Viennner BBQ Kabobs
Ingredients
3 cans Hy-Grade Viennners (Imitation style)
1 cup Hy-Grade Ketchup-Lite (Imitation style)

How To Make 'Em

Soak your viennners in the ketchup for a couple of hours, load 'em on the kabob sticks an' set in the sun over the parkin' lot for 20 minutes till hot. This here is the simplest recipe I know, so's Y'all don't build up no sweat! Yeaaaaa!



JEFF RICHMOND AT MARDI GRAS

WEST HOLLYWOOD—Well my trusty sidekick (back stabbing, no-rent paying bitch) **Joeseffee** was incarcerated for being a ho in WeHo! No kidding, so I'm going at it alone these days here in my glamorous little suite tucked away up Hilldale St. right off Dicks St. (you know I live off dicks) in the heart of West Hollywood.

Madonna and her girlfriend **Ingrid** were at "Girl Bar" at Studio One twice in the last month. Madonna was resplendent in her gold tooth and was intently watching some lesbian go-go dancers wiggle their goodies. Meanwhile other celebrity fag hags have been flockin' to WeHo in great biblical numbers.

Shannon Dougherty was at Revolver. Sho' nuff she was! Shannon's biggest fan, a drag queen who's a dead ringer for her told me the whole story. Shannon locked herself in the at Revolver and wouldn't come out because she was so upset over maybe being written out of 90210. So the drag queen went in and comforted her by saying "Shannon you're great, I love you! Look at me, I'm your biggest fan, I'm fucking **Brenda Walsh** 90210!" So Shannon cheered up and took heart and got drunk in WeHo! The "I Hate Brenda" newsletter dedicated to the little tramp is selling really well here

at A Different Light, the fabulous gay bookstore smack-dab in the middle of WeHo!

Oscar night was FUN! After bopping on up to Sunset to watch the stars get outta their limos at Spago I came down to the club scene to get an earful. Van Go's Ear restaurant in Venice was the site of an Oscar bash for **Jaye Davidson**, who is still smarting over the loss of that golden tampon statuette. Celebs attending included **Mike Meyers**, **Sandra Bernhardt**, **Rosie** and **Tom Arnold**, **Jackee**, **Alec Baldwin**, **Kim Basinger** (slut!), **George Michael** (boy slut!), and a whole slew-o-drag queens!

I hate **Marcia**

Brady! And so does everyone at Dragstrip 66. The "Night of a Zillion Jan's" party was a groovy success at the Strip. Queens galore flocked to the club dressed as **Jan** (second-to-the-eldest-but-older-than-the-youngest-one-in-curls) **Brady**. Swell prizes like "The Best of the Bradys" CD were given out featuring the smash hit of the 70s "It's a Sunshine Day!" And may the best Jan win

(and she did; you go gurl! Kongrats!)

Sad to say the "Attack of the Living Dead Idols" party at Dragstrip 66 wasn't as successful but maybe those kids will



ADRIAN

come up with a better-themed party like a "I look like **Ginger Grant/Tina Louise**" party.

Club Fuck was busted, it's true, it's true! Cops and firemen frisked naked dancers and patron Fuckers a few weeks back. There goes the neighborhood! Rumor has it that porn star **Adrian** got caught with his teeny weeny exposed. Adrian was

doing his famous towel dance at MEAT (which he only gets \$75 bucks a night for and puts all *that* money...well, never mind) when an audience member jerked his towel off. With his bare meat dangling, Adrian proceeded to jump off the stage and sock the fairy in his kisser!

Thursdays at Mickey's it's the "Calendar Man Contest", so I bopped in there with my fired **José** to check it out. Porn pup **Antonio** (star of "Viva Macho 2") was wiggling on the stage then proceeded to pull his undies down and show us his bare Black/Puerto Rican buns before turning around and even daring to flash his brown worm! I told him his

movie was good and he giggled like a glee-ful pixie and thanked me.

New clubs are poppin' up like daisies. Better Days just started on Sundays at Peanuts, the best (scuzzy, scummy) lil' drag bar in WeHo. It was nothing but gay boys, queens, and lezzies, though,



VIVA SEX AS MADONNA

how disgusting!

Where to go on a Saturday night before heading to the big bad black Catch One? Well me an **Ron** bopped into Manhattan Coolers along with **The Goddess** (aka **Niagara Rane**) and her sidekick **Toe-Knee**. Oriental drag queens **Asia** and **Ming Vase** weren't there but my dear friend **Miz Ruthie** was hosting karaoke. She was diva and she shined. The chile was decked out in wigs, go-go boots, hats, and mini-skirts along with gloves and plastic beads for accessories. She changed outfits twice and started the show off with "I Will Survive" followed by **Patsy Cline's** "I Fall to Pieces". It was priceless and Ruthie was a most excellent hostess, serving us bar snacks, margaritas, and summer hummers with cute lil' purple plastic mermaids floating in the glasses.

Pia Zadora is a whore! Miss

Thing, her nanny, and her string-haired chilluns were sitting outside of "The Cultured Glass" slurping down yogurt when me and my pals **Travis** and **T-Mack** passed by. I waved and the bitch looked at me and *sarled*.



JAZZMUN'S BACK

So to that I say, be careful who you try an' dis, Missy, you stringy-haired, fake-tittied, lousy-actress, sunburned, fishy, no talent in yo' little pinky only claim to fame bein "Lonely Lady" ho! And your agent is getting a copy of *Thing* on his desk. Maybe you'll rejoice over yo' name being in print for the first time since you recorded "When the Rain Begins to Fall" with **Jermaine Jackson** over a fucking decade ago!

Mardi Gras in WeHo was fun! The streets were blocked off from La Cienega to Robertson and fairies flew



THE CHANEL TWINS

through the air with the greatest of ease. **Lovely Carol** held a kick-ass Mardi Gras show and cracked jokes about Fat Tuesday and her waistline. Eat all the Pop Tarts you want Miss Thang, we luv ya, honey! Beads were handed out a plenty and I danced the night away with my gorgeous boyfriend **Rafael**, licking the sweat off his hairy brown Puerto Rican body. I'm a ho and proud of it!

I bopped into Lipstix Thursday

and was lucky enough to sit by the infamous

Chanel Twins, Linda

Evangelistick and **Christy Girlington**. They were very ladylike till **Jazzmun** started bumping pussies with them at which time they began screaming like teenage girls on their periods who just had a wet dream about **Luke Perry**. It was a madhouse, but the twin bitches worked the runway in their matching ensembles. (Shoes didn't match though; "queens on a budget" I say. As my white Texan daddy would say, "If ya cain't do somethin' right then don't do it at all!")

Jazzmun bopped us all doin' Miss One (**Diana Ross**) "Muscles" while a big-dicked black stripper and a blonde white boy stripper felt the brown diva up and down while she gushed and giggled and forgot the words. I bopped in a week later and sat down with **Erin**

Krystle's boyfriend **Scott** who was escorting **Apollonia** to the show.

I was a tad disappointed Apples didn't grace us with another live song like the previous week but she was decked to the max in black and lookin *fur-eee-us!* With her was the lovely and gentle Miss **Pebbles**. Pebbles serves you real fish. She was a real lady and bopped a tiger-striped cat-suit with her long tresses and fierce make-up. **Viva Sex** bopped 'em when she did "Like a Virgin" looking uncannily like Madonna herself. It was the "Truth or Dare" remix by the way. Then some little ethnic fairy named **Mario** had a birthday and Jazzmun called him up on stage to sing happy b-day an let him fondle the strippers while he giggled, gushed, an blushed like a whimsical lad, go figure!

Down to The Greenery to eat

JAMOO'S

JUICE

and chat with the cute French waiter **Denis** (it ain't the same there no more though since cute Brazilian waiter **Marshall** moved to Texas as rumor has it) and who should be sittin' there with three fags but Miss "Young and Restless" herself **Heather Toms** (**Victor** and **Nikki's** chile)! Heather was eatin' her anorexic ass off after partyin' at Mickey's.

The *Advocate's* token Nigger-O-Color and half-white Jewboy **David Ehrenstein** bopped into the New Athletics Club to hang out on his off day and get some sun on his light-skinned ass. He tanned by the pool,

ordered a tuna melt, and walked around with his belly a-bulgin' over his swimsuit like a cute pot-bellied piglet. His new book, *The Scorsese Picture*, is just ready to go! The Hollywood high-yella gossip hound promised



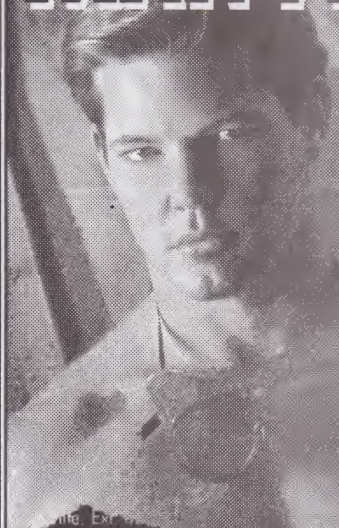
ERIN KRYSTLE

more surprizes in his future *Advocate* column too!

Everyone's gossipin' out how the *Advocate* no longer provides coffee service 'cause they be too poor, and that budget cash spooze of 1.5 million ain't gettin' the job done. Looks like those snotty rich white gay thirtysomethings got what they deserved. It don't feel too nice being on food-stamps and welfare does it **John Knoebel**? The 10th floor on Hollywood Blvd. is shrinking as they scrambled to also cut dental benefits and cram their staff-o-fairies into half the space of the suite.

An ya'll wanted to vote for **Clinton**? Who by the way has a half black child from a female prostitute in Arkansas.

MAN FINDERSM



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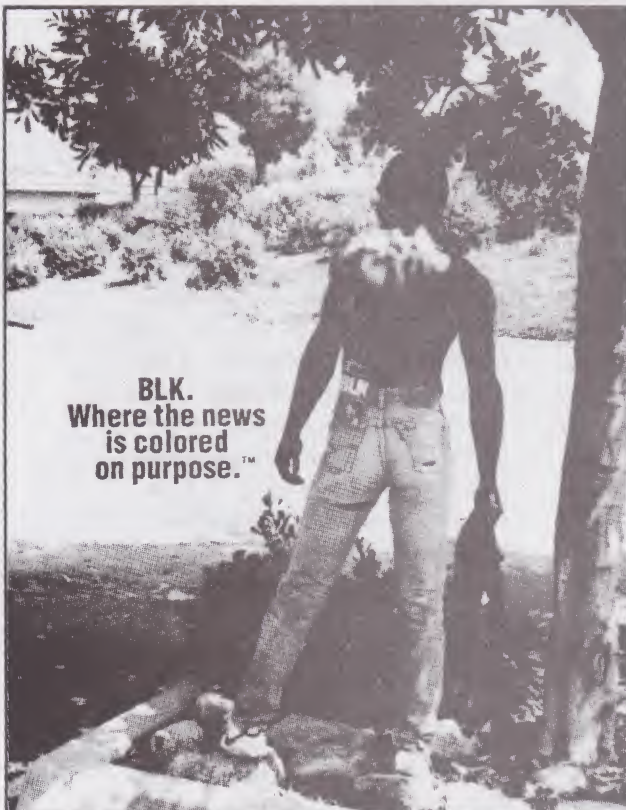
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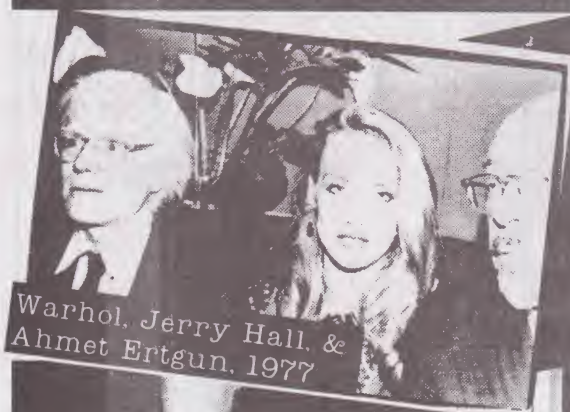
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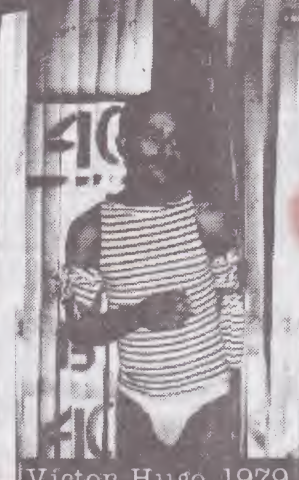


Warhol, Jerry Hall, & Ahmet Ertgun. 1977



Warhol & Steve Rubell. 1979

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Studio 54 was the first time certain

elements mixed together and created a new social magic...drag queens, movie stars, pimps and prostitutes, drug dealers, pretty gay boys, diesel dykes, Wall Street traders, bankers, flight attendants, athletes, artists, musicians, black, white, yellow, red, brown, and lavender. Everybody but the Pope passed through

those doors. These photos are just a sample of the daily fare to be found there. As house photographer, I was given carte blanche to shoot at will in ANY area of the club. These are a few of my favorite people from that time period. Even now when I look at these images, they send me reeling back to those crazy coked-out nights where those on the dance floor mimicked the moon with the spoon.

Long live the daze of glory known as Studio 54... never before and never again.

--Bobby Miller

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